

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 10, 1963

26 CENTS

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that's right!



Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all... others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy[®] tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!



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taste that's right!

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HEADS UP PLAY

Earl "Butch" Buchholz returns shot by Andres Gimeno in Professional World Series of Tennis match, February 8, 1962, at New York. Behind three games, Buchholz rallied to win 10-8.

HEADS UP LOOK

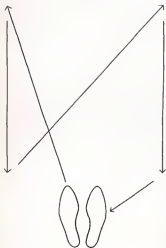


Earl Buchholz knows greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. But Vitalis® keeps his hair neat all day without grease. Naturally—it has V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. You can't see or feel any grease. But what a job it does!



Another fine product of Bristol Myers

VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE



The More-mileage Mambo

That diagram usually has a caption, "Rotate tires every 5000 miles."

Recognize it now?

The idea makes sense. You've got five tires, so why not use them? Add your spare to the other four. Get about 25% more mileage.

And—just as important—spread the wear more evenly on each tire.

Did you know that some areas on a tire may wear faster, become dangerously thin, if the tire's left on one wheel? A fact.

So play it safe. Start rotating tires.

Another way to be safe: Put nylon cord tires on your car.

Nylon is the strongest fiber ever used in tire cord. And the toughest. And the most durable. It gives tires what they need most. A strong backbone.

That's why nylon cord tires can take it. Take the rocks. Take the chuckholes and bumps. Take the rough railroad crossings. Take the terrific heat of turnpike speeds.

Take steps to make your tires safer. Rotate them. And when you replace them, get nylon.

Nothing but nylon makes you feel so safe.



Chemstrand, New York 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Chemstrand® nylon. America's tire manufacturers do the rest.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Europe, 23-24, western, 21-22.

Acknowledgments on page 90

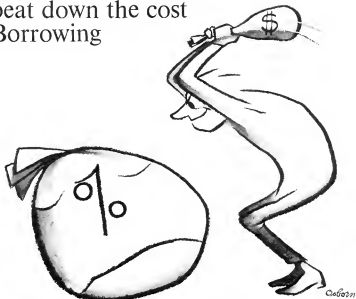
Next week

JACK WICKLAUS, the defending champion, presents his own analysis of The Country Club and tells why the course will make some unique demands on pros in the coming U.S. Open.

INTROVERTED, MOODY Frank Robinson is sometimes called a "Black Ty Cobb" because of his furious style of play. Morton Sharratt tells how the Reds' slugger got that way.

EAST AFRICAN FISHING In the Indian Ocean has a flavor all its own. The fish are the same as in any southern sea, the birds and the sea itself are the same—yet there is a difference.

How to use your Savings to beat down the cost of Borrowing



Put your savings in a Full Service commercial bank. Borrow money from that same bank. You'll make the most of your money because you'll pay the least for your loan.

Doing business with a Full Service commercial bank is a two-way street. The more you do for the bank, the more the bank can do for you.

What can you do for a Full Service bank?

Plenty! Give it your checking account, your savings account, and do all your borrowing from that bank—your auto loans, personal loans, vacation loans, home loans. The more business you give them, the better.

In return, what can a Full Service bank do for you?

Again, plenty! It can save you money. For instance, suppose you need \$2,000 to buy a car or take a trip or help send

the kids to college. If you've established a good credit reputation with a Full Service commercial bank—chances are good that you can borrow the money there at far less cost than you'd have to pay elsewhere. On a \$2,000 loan, for example, you might save as much as \$100 in interest costs. This is true because interest rates for loans at Full Service banks are usually considerably lower than at most other types of financial institutions.

For another example, take home loans. Often, a Full Service bank can save you money because of lower fees, even though the actual interest rate may be the same as quoted by another financial institution.

What about the lower interest rate on savings?

A good point. But vulnerable. Full Service banks sometimes pay a little less on savings than other types of financial institutions. But suppose you have a \$1,000 savings account in a Full Service bank. Even if it earns 1% less,

this only cuts you out of \$10 a year. Meanwhile, if you had taken advantage of the low-cost loan we mentioned earlier, you'd already be \$90 ahead—and you'd have a good bank in your corner.

If you're like many people, you'll borrow far more in your lifetime than you'll save. It figures that having to pay even a slightly higher rate on a loan will quickly wipe out any small gain you might make on your savings.

How do you get acquainted with a Full Service bank?

Very simple. Just pick one that's handy to your home or work. (You can be sure it's a Full Service commercial bank if it offers both checking and savings accounts plus all types of loans.)

Then make this bank your financial headquarters. The rest comes easy.



*Your Full Service
Commercial Bank*

DISCOUNT INTEREST RATES FOR COMMERCIAL BANKING, N.Y.



**You sure will TAN
(sure won't burn)
with SEA & SKI**

Note the wrap-around sunglasses: the original Sea & Ski Spectaculars by Renault of France.

Sea & Ski's unique sun filter was perfected by the Desert Research Institute. It lets in more tanning rays than its nearest competitor, blocks out most burning rays. Test after test proves that no other suntan lotion can match it. That's why millions tan best with Sea & Ski. Why *you* will, too!

Get the best of the sun—get SEA & SKI!



**Great news for oil users!
SEA & SKI OIL-LESS OIL.**

A new kind of suntan oil! Wonderfully light, non-greasy and non-oily. Penetrates to protect under the skin. Gives a super-fast, super-safe tan! P.S. For extra protection on nose and lips get new Sea & Ski Snootie!

Now! The movie camera with a mind of its own... solves all your picture problems automatically!!!!

Superb quality. Matchless simplicity. This new Revere Power Zoom® 8mm Electric Eye Camera meets the exacting demands of the experienced movie-maker. Just aim and shoot. You film exactly what you see (no chopped-off heads). That's because this Revere camera has a parallax-free reflex viewer. Want to zoom from wide angle to a close-up shot? Just press the Power Zoom button with one finger. The built-in electric eye automatically selects the correct exposure settings quicker than any human could figure it out. See your favorite Revere Camera dealer now for demonstration and price.

Revere 42715 Zoom
Provides smooth film
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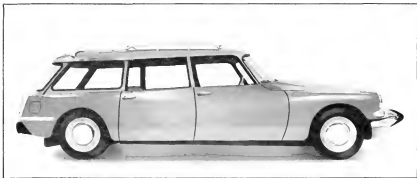
Why Ralph Houk doesn't mess with fluid, fumes, wick or cotton anymore.

Ralph Houk used to hate refilling a lighter. Now it's a cinch with the new Bentley Butane. Ralph just drops in a cartridge—and it lights for months. That's why it's fun to fuel up with the new Bentley drop-in refill. Makes all other lighters old-fashioned. No mess, no fuss, no bother. As compact as a pack of matches. You can even adjust the flame for cigar or pipe. Wide choice of styles, including windproofs, all gift boxed, \$4.95 to \$495.00.



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BUTANE**

BENTLEY - BEST IN BUTANE/1 WEST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 18/84 WEST MIDDLETON STREET, TORONTO, CANADA



You'll love it for parking

Ask your wife how it feels to park the big Citroën station wagon.

Great! She can nip neatly into the same space as a compact—and far more easily.

Trim as it is, in a Citroën wagon she can transport eight big people (or countless little people).

What's more, she can zip through a day's errands and meet you at the 6:30 train, without that tired-taxi-driver feeling.

One reason: the incredibly smooth

comfort of Citroën's ride—something you'd never expect of a station wagon. (But then, no other wagon has Citroën's Air-Oil suspension.)

Aside from its comfort, Citroën is the *safest* family car in existence. Its power disc-brakes (no other wagon has them) stop in less distance. Its rack and pinion power steering turns on a dime.

Its front-wheel drive prevents skids... pulls you through any kind of weather. Its big motor (with 4

speeds forward) has the pep you need for passing.

More safety factors: padded ceiling and floor. Double-latch child-proof doors. And—even fully loaded with all your vacation luggage, the car is never off balance, thanks to Citroën's unique self-leveling system.

Can any wagon give you all this ...and 28-32 miles per gallon, too? Citroën can!

As one demonstration will prove.

Citroën

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Jack Kramer shows you*



The Wilson Power Secret

Why the Kramer Autograph—with Wilson's Strata-Bow power design—is used by more top tennis players than any other racket

The smashing, hard-driving play of today's tennis champions testifies to the influence of Jack Kramer, four-time world professional champion and unexcelled master of the Big Power Game.

Now Jack Kramer shares with you the secret that many of today's tennis champions hold in their hands—the Wilson power secret.

It's the secret of strength and power built into the Wilson Jack Kramer Autograph racket—the one racket used by more top amateur and professional players than any other racket in America.

The power secret of the Kramer Autograph is Wilson's exclusive Strata-Bow® construction—a bonded lamination of selected long ash and maple strips, reinforced with sturdy Speed-Flex fibre throat faces.

Strata-Bow provides the ideal playing design—more than tough enough to take the impact of a 112 mph overhead smash, durable enough to retain its shape and resist warping, strong enough to maintain the high string-tension required in today's power game.

Strata-Bow's perfectly balanced

weight distribution gives you the control you need for accurate shot placement, provides a sure-handed "feel" that builds your confidence and helps you make the most of your natural ability.

Develop your own Big Power Game now with the Jack Kramer Autograph racket from Wilson—available at tennis professional shops and sporting goods stores everywhere.

**Member of the Wilson Tennis Advisory Staff.*

Exclusive Strata-Bow bonds together 13 different wood pieces into a single, resilient unit, reinforced to resist warping and splitting, and to neutralize the stresses and strains of hard, winning play. Keeps its shape and playability for life.



**The big
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smash
proves
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remarkable
tension-
strength**

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If it's a cordless shaver... why does it come with a cord?

Let's establish right off... the REMINGTON® LEXTRONIC II is a cordless shaver. Packs its own power. Rechargeable energy cells store up all the shaving power you need. All you supply is whiskers. No cord! No outlets! No sink! Shave anywhere. Now about that cord. You use it for recharging the energy cells. And, if you're the kind of guy who forgets to recharge... plug in the cord... and shave. A note on comfort: Remington has four roller combs.

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They roll skin down; pop whiskers up. Gently nudge them into the path of the man-size shaving head. The REMINGTON LEXTRONIC II is the only cord/cordless shaver in the world with adjustable roller combs. No wonder more men use a REMINGTON SHAVER than any other make.

If you're headed overseas, ask to see the WORLD-WIDE™ LEXTRONIC II that runs and recharges off all voltages, from 90 to 250.

LEXTRONIC II, Trademark, Spring Park Corporation



Parnelli Jones, 1963 winner
at 143.337 m.p.h., says:

*"On the speedway or
on the highway Fire-
stone has the safety,
performance and tire
miles you buy."*

FLASH: FIRESTONE TIRES CAPTURE 40TH CONSECUTIVE "500" VICTORY

Another Indianapolis Race . . . another Firestone triumph!

No other tiremaker comes close to Firestone when it comes to building tires for the speedway. Just look at the record—and the winning cars on the next two pages. *They all came home on Firestone tires!*

Tire performance requirements at Indianapolis far exceed those of even the most demanding passenger car owners. From Firestone's speedway experience come safer turnpike tires for your car.

Example: The Firestone Nylon "500"—named in honor of the race that has contributed so much to tire safety, performance and mileage.

The Nylon "500," illustrated, carries Firestone's Guarantee for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials PLUS a 27-month Guarantee against road hazards. Both Guarantees provide for replacements prorated on tread wear, and are honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores throughout the United States and Canada.





1911 Ray Harroun, 24 mph



1912 Lee + Walter, 27 mph



1922 Gordon Bennett, 47.7 mph



1911 Jimmy Watson, 40 mph



1924 Frank Delfino, 36 mph



1929 George Walcott, 42 mph



1925 Edley Street, 39.31 mph



1926 Leon Schwab, 39.2 mph



1934 Ward Beech, 46 mph



1935 Scott Phillips, 46.2 mph



1939 Lee + Walter, 47.4 mph



1937 Wilbur Shaw, 47.6 mph



1940 D. L. Williams, 47.6 mph



1942 H. H. Bond, 48.0 mph



1948 Marshall Jones, 48.0 mph



1945 Billie Wolfe, 47.40 mph



1944 Billie Wolfe, 47.40 mph



1946 Billie Wolfe, 47.40 mph



1946 J. J. Gentry, 47.00 mph



1937 Sam Hanks, 46.00 mph

Firestone

Your Symbol of

How Firestone's long line of "500" wins
leads to safer turnpike tires for you.



1912 Ford Touring car



1913 T-model Model T car



1914 Ford Model T car



1915 Ford Model T car

stone

Quality & Service



1916 Ford Model T car



1917 Ford Model T car



1918 Ford Model T car



1919 Ford Model T car



1920 Ford Model T car



1921 Ford Model T car



1922 Ford Model T car



1923 Ford Model T car



1924 Ford Model T car



1925 Ford Model T car



1926 Ford Model T car



1927 Ford Model T car



1928 Ford Model T car



1929 Ford Model T car



1930 Ford Model T car



1931 Ford Model T car

The world-famous Indianapolis Race puts tires to the toughest test—500 grueling miles at blistering speeds up to 180 m.p.h. Designing, building and proving tires for the speedway are a basic part of Firestone research which makes it possible to build safer, stronger, longer-wearing tires for your car. From Firestone's unequalled speedway experience have come such exclusive features as Safety-Fortified nylon cord body, plus-mileage Firestone Diene rubber and many other construction and rubber compounding "extras" found only



1932 Ford Model T car

in Firestone passenger car tires. And these exclusive features have been proved again and again—not only on the world's famous speedways, but also in millions of test miles every year.

Remember, only Firestone has the background of speedway experience so vital to building safer, more dependable tires for your turnpike driving. Remember, too, wherever you see the Firestone sign, you'll find *only* experts who can help you choose the tires best suited to your driving and will gladly charge them if you wish.

SCORECARD

THE PRICE OF FAME

Being a member of a country club that is the site of a major golf tournament is one of life's dubious distinctions. You are permitted to keep paying your club dues, and you are expected to serve happily on any of a dozen forced-labor battalions called "committees." In return, you are allowed to not play golf.

Rarely have club members not played as much golf as those at this year's U.S. Open course, The Country Club in Brookline, Mass. It is June, and Brookline hasn't opened. What is more, club officials took a sad look at the condition of the course last week and decided it is not likely to be opened to members at all before the Open, which starts June 20. Drought and ice so badly damaged the greens last winter (SI, May 20) that five of them have had to be reseeded. Landing areas were also seeded, but the new grass was so slow coming up that sod is being put in. The course will be ready for the tournament, to be sure, but, quite probably, not before.

It has been 50 years since the Open was at Brookline. Some club members feel the interval was all too short.

THE MUTINEER

The axing of Washington Manager Mickey Vernon, and its abruptness, recalled a similar passage in the history of the Senators. It was a mere 30 minutes before the official announcement that Vernon learned he was through. Even so, he got more notice than did Bill Barnie, Senator manager in 1892. Club Owner George Wagner fired Barnie for what he called "insubordination." Asked to define the insubordination, Wagner said, "I asked him to resign and he said, 'No.'"

WHITEN BLUEBIRD?

Donald Campbell is between two worlds. After several failures to set a land speed record on the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, Campbell took self, crew and *Bluebird* machine to Australia. There he waited while rain and floodwaters gradually, insistently, ate up his raceway, set across the smooth bed of Lake Eyre. Ah, lads, no go there. Last week, in Syd-

ney, as he was packing for a tell-all board meeting in London, Campbell got word that Bonneville is back in business. The salt surface is in the best condition in five years. Nervously, he considered, "*Bluebird* was built for the record," he said. "It would be a very sick joke indeed, costing \$5½ million, if somebody else beat us to it." Back to Bonneville it may be.

U-SAIL IT

Europe's Rothschild family, like our brothers Rockefeller, has pocketbooks as big as all outdoors. Which is where both families have invested vast sums for public recreation. Baron Edmond de Rothschild has built the ski resort in Megève, France. Cousin Baron Elie supports skiing at Chamonix. Now Baron Edmond has dreamed up Euronautic, a charter-boat scheme with rentals in 30 French ports. Euronautic has 200 boats to rent for nominal fees. There are boats for every type of sailor—dinghies with outboards, sailboats, cabin cruisers—and no more worrisome extras, like spending \$5,000 for a crew for a month. All Euronautic wants to know is if you are a good sailor, then, voilà, sign up and ship out. Europe never had it so good, nor Europe-bound Americans who might like to tour before the mast instead of in back of the bus.

AMITY

Global zoning for Davis Cup matches has always been weird. Chile plays in the European zone, and Yugoslavia used to be in the American zone. This year it is stranger yet. Iran, a latecomer to the congress of tennis nations, missed the draw for the European zone. Miffed, the Iranian team captain wrote to a good friend in Washington, C. Alphonso Smith. Could Smith help out? As a tennis-playing government official, Smith could. He managed to slip Iran into the American zone draw. Iran drew the U.S. for the first round.

They play this week in Tehran. The matches will give impetus to Iran's fledgling tennis program, and so, in gratitude, Iran is jetting the American team over and back, a leap of 7,000 miles each way.

The U.S. team will find itself playing in Tehran's glorious new stadium, the only tennis arena of its kind in the Middle East. It seats 3,000, has a tunnel through which players enter like early Christian martyrs marching to the lions, and includes a glass pavilion for the Shah, His Imperial Majesty, King of Kings. The Shah, a fine player himself, has gone so far as to lend his imperial water supply for the brick-dust courts. Moreover, the Shah has been invited to play exhibition doubles with the U.S. team, the first time he has played before his subjects, an occasion fraught with problems of diplomatic courtesy. Whether he plays or not, the U.S. team will present the Shah with a solid gold medal in thanks for his imperial support.

BIZARRE AS BAZAAR CAN BE

Occasionally a feminine acquaintance not entirely bemused by the women's fashion magazines will regale us with their latest bit of pastel precousness. As long as the haute couture purveyors stick to recommending baths in champagne to the ladies, they do no harm and, indeed, promote healthy laughter. But when they make incursions into the male realm, as does *Harper's Bazaar* in its recent suggestions for Father's Day gifts, the results promote reconsideration of suffrage.

"For the eternal athlete," trills *Bazaar*, the perfect gift may be "an Irish wolfhound to be worn with his lattersall vest" or an artificial ski slope at \$18,000. "If he's utterly amphibious, [give him] an outdoor swimming pool, flanked by growing trees, as an extension of the living room. If he's a ten-goal man . . . [give] a second string of polo ponies to cheer him on. Then there's always, of course, a small, neat yacht."

How about just a small, neat box of gold golf balls?

NO PORK FOR SPORT

The Texas legislature finished its regular session the other day and went home, leaving behind a two-year budget bill which slighted physical fitness other than that derived from mass calisthenics. Texas' 30 state-supported colleges and universities were forbidden to spend state money for other compulsory physical education programs.

The idea seemed to be that it is all right to require two years of physical education, but you can't let the students have any fun or learn anything—like golf and tennis—that they could use after



HOLD ON TO YOUR POISE!

Don't let the ripple you cause by driving a Corvette Sting Ray shake your poise. After all, you must have expected to catch a few glances when you chose your Sting Ray. Not to imply that mere show was your sole motive, by any means. You may have taken to the Sting Ray's aerodynamic styling. Its equally sharp responses. The hushed gusto of a great V8 engine. The armchair comfort of its fully equipped interior. Or the convenience of extra-cost options

like power steering and brakes, automatic transmission, radio. Perhaps it was simply a taste for the good life that brought you and the new Sting Ray together. Whatever it was that inspired your choice, now you'll just have to swallow your natural modesty and take the adulation in stride. It's part of owning a Corvette Sting Ray that you have to accept. Strangely enough, most people learn to live with it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

NEW CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET



One for the office — one for the road

Below, the new desk model Time-Master/7, most advanced dictating machine ever made. Above, its portable, battery-powered companion, the new Travel-Master. It weighs 5 pounds, is about as big as a book. Both offer you the ultimate in dictating speed, ease, and accuracy because both use the unique Dictabelt record, "sound you can see." The Dictabelt loads in seconds, gives syllable-perfect voice reproduction. Call your Dictaphone representative for a demonstration. He will show you in writing how he can save you time and money. For the last word in dictation equipment, look for **New ideas from Dictaphone**

corporation

graduation, unless the necessary equipment is purchased with private funds.

The legislators were reported to have felt that their bill would force colleges to put "more emphasis on basic courses, such as mathematics and science, instead of snap courses like golf and archery," according to one eagerly anonymous informant, covering before an expected storm of indignation. And, to be sure, the legislators had the example of one college that had spent extravagantly on maintenance of its golf course.

We have a certain frugal sympathy with the legislators' viewpoint but do feel that they are trying to cut off the patient's head to cure a headache.

FRIENDSHIP

You can now go into any one of 3,000 supermarkets around the country and order a photograph showing you and your favorite baseball player together, the whole thing autographed by the ballplayer "To My Pal." You can, that is, if your favorite player is one of 209 signed up last winter by Frank Scott, who has made a career of managing the affairs of athletes. For this memento, your pal charges you a friendly dollar.

A portable background, simulating a ballplayer's clubhouse cubicle, was hauled around to spring training camps and the chosen players were photographed against it in such a way that space was left at the right for the overprinting of your picture, when you send it in with that dollar. What you get back is an 8-by-10 glossy print clearly proving that you and Sandy Koufax, say, or Marv Throneberry, even, are buddies.

QUAIL COUNTRY DANGER

On the hunting plantations of northern Florida and southern Georgia there are kennels that cost as much as \$60,000 each and bird dogs that, in the aggregate, are worth more than \$1 million. Now the dogs are endangered by an epidemic of rabies among raccoons. A rabid raccoon loses all fear of dogs—and, for that matter, of humans. The stricken raccoon becomes playful, almost docile, then bites without warning.

Rabies had raged among foxes throughout the area since World War II, but just as health department officials were congratulating themselves on victory over this menace the raccoon outbreak occurred. Three years ago 22 cases of rabid raccoons were reported in

Florida. Next year there were 44 and in 1962, with a much wider geographical spread, there were 31. This year, in the midst of Georgia quail-hunting territory, where the most valuable dogs are kept, five cases have occurred.

It is quite a simple matter to inoculate all dogs and cats in the affected area but, the health department officials point out, one cannot inoculate every raccoon. Until the ways of nature straighten matters out, one would be wise not to pet friendly raccoons.

HOLD 'ER, NEWT!

In some suburban areas of the Southwest, where Easterners have moved into romantic retirement on "full-acre ranches" and wouldn't be caught dead in anything but a ten-gallon hat and pointy-toed boots, it is as socially important to own a saddle horse as a power mower or backyard barbecue equipment. Around suburban Albuquerque, for instance, fancy appaloosas, majestic Arabians and pretty palominos are common.

So, when officials of the New Mexico Horse Association were planning a benefit show, they decided, with a certain logic, that handsome horses alone just

of trauma in a generation of horses accustomed to Volkswagens and Corvairs.

THE MILKING SEASON

If there is one green dearer to a Vermonter than his own Green Mountains, it is the green of his own money. That was established anew the other day when Vermont's first pari-mutuel track opened with a whimper instead of a bang. On what was meant to be the gala beginning of a 36-day Thoroughbred racing season, a scattered crowd of 4,701 bet only \$220,651 on a nine-race card. As the cash trickled in, worried track officials, who need a \$300,000 daily handle to stay alive, ran out to the parking area to count cars. There were, all told, 17 Vermont license plates in the lot. The rest belonged to flashier types from New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

It could be that the natives stayed in their dairy barns. High on a hillside and aimed straight at the grandstand was a big, imposing sign that exhorted "ACT ON MILK."

STOLEN BASE

Some weeks ago (SI, April 8) we reported on the difficulties of Rogelio Alvarez, Cuban first baseman who, because of Fidel Castro, could not get out of Cuba to join the Washington Senators, to whom he had been traded by the Cincinnati Reds for Harry Bright. With the Reds unable to deliver him, the Senators finally gave up and, in one of those complicated baseball transactions, Washington returned Alvarez' contract to Cincinnati, the Reds sold Bright to the New York Yankees and half the sale price was turned over to the Senators.

The Reds were skeptical when Alvarez got word through that he had found a method of escape. Shortly afterward, he telephoned from Mexico. He wouldn't say how he escaped, and no one pressed him to tell.

On his first trip to the plate this season for San Diego in the Pacific Coast League—a Reds' farm—Alvarez pinch-hit a grand-slam home run.

THEY SAID IT

• Gordon Van Liew, orange-juice tycoon, whose car finished 11th at Indianapolis: "We haven't won a race in two years, but we haven't lost a party."

• Walter Alston, Dodger manager, after Gil Hodges was named Washington manager: "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy—if you think managing is something nice to happen to you."

END



would not be enough to draw an audience for their parade. They invited an antique automobile club to participate, and 10 members of the Veteran Motor Car Club of America agreed to drive their horseless carriages to the show.

Now the invitations have been withdrawn. The Horse Association had second thoughts and gave the whole parade back to the horse. Someone remembered that Hupmobiles, Willys-Overlands, Stutzes and Mercers had an unsettling effect on horses back in grandfather's time. No one wanted to risk an epidemic

C. MARCELLUS CLAY Esq.

Martini music heralded an invasion of Britain last week. When the sound of trumpets turned out to be boxing's brash young man blowing his own horn, staid old London shuddered and dug in

England never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, Shakespeare says, and, sure enough, she has endured plague, blitzkrieg, treacle pudding and Gauls. But then one day last week came the biggest gail of all. A TWA jet shrieked into London and discharged bumptious Cassius Clay. Instinctively, Britain braced.

Self-advertised as "the uncrowned world champion," Clay is indeed an extravagantly promising boxer and the next—if illogical—contender for Sonny Liston's heavy-weight title. What brought him to London was a match with grizzled Henry Cooper, against whom Clay hoped to redress his sorry performance with Doug Jones last March. But the Clay-Cooper fight was still more than a fortnight away. In the meantime, Louisville's Lip decided to square off with Britain's Stiff Upper.

Cassius in England applied the economic theory he has found so workable in the U.S.: to sweeten the gate you must first sour the people. "I'm only here," he told the

natives, "marking time before I annihilate that ugly bear, Liston." As for Henry Cooper, the British and Empire champion fondly known to fans as "Our 'Enery"—well, tut. He was a tramp, a bum and a cripple, Cassius allowed, not worth the sweat of the training ring. "After five rounds," said Clay, "Henry Cooper will think his name is Gordon Cooper: he'll be in orbit." Then Cassius set out to strut the town, offering his autograph for a £5 note, calling Buckingham Palace a "swell pad" and, while a cold shiver ran down the national spine, saying, "It's growing on me, England."

Gradually the press found its own voice; columnists gruffed about his rudeness, his immodesty and his big mouth. Did he really mind? Hardly. His critics had fallen into the baited trap, his philosophy of sweet-and-sour ham was working like a charm, and tickets were selling like fish and chips. Observed C. Marcellus Clay Esq., riffling through a sheaf of sterling: "I talk for these."

Adorned in bowler and spats and carrying a gold-headed Aroly, the coolest dandy in town promenades in some rented clothes on the eve of his departure for England.

CONTINUED



C. M. CLAY ESQ. continues

LORD OF LOUISVILLE

"I'm not too worried about this Cooper fellow," Cassius Clay said recently, and it was plain he was not bluffing. Clay broke off training in Miami a full month before the fight and drove his Cadillac convertible to his home in Louisville. Angelo Dundee, his trainer, said he was confident Cassius would work out in Louisville, worried only that he might "go stale from overtraining." Dundee's fears were groundless. Instead of working, a quiescent Cassius stayed up late, slept late and recited rough drafts of poems he would later deliver in England. Once he beset himself enough to have a television set installed in the rear seat of his car, another time rode a bike with neighborhood kids. But mostly he played Monopoly with the children. "I'm tired of training to fight stuff," he told them, "All I want is a crack at Liston."





*Transfixed by the picture on his car-powered TV, Cassius watches *As the World Turns* in Louisville. The set is a Sony, so relaxed from sleep, he says, of his future date with Sonny Liston. At night Cassius drove through the streets of Louisville so motorists could see the shining image through the rear window.*

"They all must feel," Cassius proclaims to children gathered on his front steps, and the kids razz the hero of their block. "I love children," says Cassius, the man-boy. Later he went inside for the farewell dinner his mother had cooked. "I want to marry a girl just like my mama," he said, embracing her.

CONTINUED

PASSPORT PICK UP

C. M. CLAY ESQ. (continued)

TALK OF TWO CITIES

Fearful of planes, Cassius drove on to New York with his brother Rudy, a friend named Taddie King—introduced variously as his chauffeur or bodyguard—and a sparring partner, James Ellis. "Louisville is a sad town," he said on arrival. "It doesn't have enough to do." What Cassius found to do in New York was to carouse with girl friends until 6 in the morning, to pay a social call on Sugar Ray Robinson (who stood him up) and to talk with his theatrical agent about a recording of Clay's amateurish poetry, some of which will be professionally embellished. Consumed with greed, Cassius also announced he would allow the fight to be televised by Telstar "provided my cut is big enough." "That's the spirit, baby," said his agent.

Then, more afraid of seasickness than engine failure, Cassius flew off to London. There he gave his first autograph to a customs official and held a press conference to which one paper had gleefully assigned its drama critic. Next Clay Rolls-Royced to Nottingham and whipped a light crowd there into a frenzy of good-natured catcalls and boos by holding aloft the signboard designating round five, a reference to the moment when he has predicted that he will dispatch Cooper. "A most inflammable person," breathed a girl, falling hard for his style.

With high disregard for the convenience of others, Clay persuades the Manhattan passport office to serve him on Saturday, an off day. He nicked golf ball from a friend's desk.

An English bobby, a foot taller in his helmet than Cassius, delights Clay in Nottingham. It was not clear whether police were assigned to protect Clay from the public or vice versa.

CONTINUED



WITH LONDON AT BAY

Not everyone found Clay's flame irresistible, and evidence of this came from both sides of the Atlantic. Time you start training, crackled a cable from Cassius' Louisville headquarters. "You talk too much," crackled a BBC television announcer while interviewing Clay. But Clay paid no particular mind. He went nightclubbing, attended the dog races—where he watched the Cassius Clay Hurdles—and dropped in at posh Gieves, outfitters to H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh. He sauntered out with a new bowler (his head is lopsided, the hatter said) and a red brocade cocktail jacket with a dragon motif. "People tell me to hang on to him and button his lip," said Henry Cooper, "and I am looking forward to doing just that." Naturally, at week's end Henry Cooper was the sentimental favorite. And, naturally, the smart money was all behind Cassius Clay.





With a cigar clownishly jammed in his mouth (Clay neither smokes nor drinks), Cassius leans across Promoter Jack Solomons (above) to tell Henry Cooper, "This will be your last fight." At this the genial Briton breaks up.

Jaunting along Lower Regent Street on a morning run with James Ellis. Clay is stopped by a bus driver who needles him. Cassius worked out briefly in a London gym, sparring with his brother Rudy and Light Heavy Ellis.

After a taxing day on the town, Clay rests while "bodyguard" Taddie King stands watch. A British photographer posed King, an emiable youth with no pretensions to guarding anybody, in the best tradition of gangster movies.





TWO AGAINST THE CLOCK AT INDY

As clock's second hand points to 54 of 11 minutes to 2, Owner J. C. Agajanian raises hands (top) to signal place for Jones's third and final pit stop. Chief Mechanic John Poulsen fuels car as fireman (holding extinguishers) stand by, four crewmen remove worn tires and Jones takes water cups on long-handled paddle. Finished, crewmen heave to, send Jones, who has kept engine running, out of pit after only 21.8 seconds.

Parnelli Jones, racing a traditional Offenhauser, won the fastest '500' ever, with Scotland's Jimmy Clark, in a Lotus-Ford, closing right behind him. As always at Indianapolis, the difference between the two was a matter of seconds—and some of the most precious seconds were won and lost during pit stops, where tires are changed and tanks replenished. To pinpoint the drama last week as the Jones and Clark crews worked feverishly to get their cars out, Sports Illustrated placed a clock in the camera of Photographer Richard Meek. Jones (opposite page) was first in and out of the pits as he was (next page) on the track

At 40 minutes past noon, Jimmy Clark's Lotus-Ford slides in over an air mattress (top) on its only stop of race. (Offies are jacked up by four air-operated "lags" recessed in car's body.) Even as the Lotus goes up, wheel changers and gas men are already at work. One (raised arms) is through in 23 seconds, but it is a disappointing 32.3 seconds before Clark's car, dropping gas, wheels spinning, gets away.

CONTINUED



CLOSE CALL FOR A JONES BOY

by KENNETH RUDEEN

The perils of Parnelli Jones are among the enduring fascinations of auto racing. Two years ago the hard-muscled, chain-smoking Californian made the Indianapolis 500-mile race for the first time—and was snatched in the face by a rock flipped back by the tire of an opponent's car. Last year he became the first driver ever to lap the old Hoosier speedway at 150 miles per hour and was uncatchable in the race itself—until his brakes failed.

Last year, in the most heavily attended, richest, fastest and possibly most exciting "500" of all, Parnelli outdid himself. First he nearly ran out of fuel, then he was pressed to use all his famous foot to repulse the insurgent Lotus-Fords and finally he raced the closing laps in urgent danger of being flagged off to defeat because his pearl-gray Offenhauser roadster was leaking oil.

But this time the finish was strictly from Sunset and Vine. It was Parnelli for whom the checkered flag dipped first, Parnelli who collected the winner's \$148,513 share of the most lavish purse in sport—a total of \$493,530—to divide with his car owner, J. C. Agajanian, and his chief mechanic, Johnny Poulsen.

On the following day Parnelli won another decision. Eddie Sachs, a very fine but very emotional driver who had spun, restarted and later lost a wheel toward the race's end, had been telling ev-

eryone he met that Parnelli's oil leak had "jeopardized the lives of every driver on the track" and that Parnelli therefore "was not a good winner." He met Parnelli himself at a luncheon. Words flew, then Parnelli's heavy right fist. Sachs was hit solidly on the mouth. The drivers grappled and were separated before more punches could be thrown. Adding to Sachs's woes, Harlan Fengler, chief steward of the "500," fined him \$100 for failing to make a precautionary pit stop after his spinout.

It was exceedingly difficult to sympathize with Sachs. Running fourth and no threat to the leaders when he spun, he emerged as a distraction to the "500's" spectacular main theme—a duel between Parnelli in his thoroughly orthodox Offy and Scotland's Jimmy Clark in one of the Lotus Fords.

The huge crowd of some 225,000 persons had been in continuous uproar when Clark held the lead for 27 laps in midrace, with his American stablemate Dan Gurney tailgating in second place for much of that span. The situation with 162 of the race's 200 laps completed was still more electric. Parnelli pitted for the third time for fuel and a change of tires, and after a neat 21.2-second job by his mechanics emerged only 11 seconds ahead of Clark, who had made one stop and would require no more. In a mag-

nificent stern chase Clark cut Parnelli's advantage to 4½ seconds at 178 laps.

Then, in swift and puzzling sequence, Sachs spun, Parnelli's car commenced to trail ominous black smoke and Clark fell back, ultimately finishing 34 seconds behind Parnelli. Alarmingly, Drivers Roger McCluskey and Bobby Marshman spun out on Parnelli's very last lap. McCluskey, in third place before the mishap, which cost him some \$25,000, angrily charged that Parnelli's car was "dumping" oil, had been for "30 or 40 laps," and should have been black-flagged.

Colin Chapman, British builder of the Lotus-Ford chassis, said: "At the end Parnelli Jones's car was pouring oil out. Three cars spun on it. The whole race slowed down 5 mph."

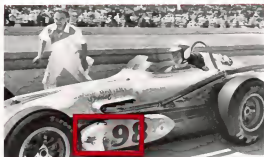
Jimmy Clark said: "I had enough rubber and petrol to go as fast as before, but I was getting sideways on Parnelli Jones's oil. I thought I'd try to keep my car on the island. I would much rather be second than dead."

But Chapman and Clark sportingly gave Parnelli congratulatory handshakes for his victory. Chapman's final words were generous. "I must admit," he said, "that I would have been very sorry to see Parnelli Jones black-flagged."

The responsibility for deciding whether or not to use the black flag, which requires a driver to come into the pits for consultation, lay with Chief Steward Fengler. He later explained why he had permitted Parnelli to finish.

"I could see that oil was spewing from Parnelli's car and I wanted to know the reason. I told the starter to get the black flag ready. I sent for Agajanian and Poulsen. Poulsen told me there was

continued



BRINGING IN A GUSNER

As a grinning Parnelli Jones rolls into Victory Lane at the end of the "500," his racer bears unmistakable evidence of the oil leak that has caused furious controversy. The rear side of the car is oil-grimed and the oil appears still to be seeping from circular bolt (in boxed area) attaching tank to the car's frame. The tank had cracked slightly near the bolt. Formerly inside, the Offy tanks were first put outside by Builder A. J. Watson in 1958 to help cool the oil and increase the cars' cornering stability. Though an intake line and a return line the oil circulates endlessly from tank to engine. The more oil there is the less time any part of it is exposed to engine heat.



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let's look at the ken venturi coordinated wardrobe while we're waiting At a time like this all a golfer can do is hope that something will jiggle the ball into the hole. The rules permit a reasonable waiting period, and while we're waiting we ask you to note the many shades of brown and how well they go together. For instance, Ken's cinnamon sweater (\$19.95) matches the slacks (Dacron \$13.95 and Worsted and Dacron \$16.95) and walkers (\$8.95). Bob's beige golf shirt in finest cotton Birdseye knit fabric by Beaunit (\$5.95) blends perfectly with his cinnamon walkers. Frank's striped sweater of three shades of brown plus white is \$19.95. There is more than brown, of course, there are thirteen superb golf shirt colors. Look at Paul's red sweater, white shirt, and medium blue slacks, contrast combinations are available. Don't wait too long; get coordinated now. Do it at pro shops and men's stores.

Jantzen



sportswear for sportsmen

nothing the matter with the car's engine; the oil was coming from the tank on the outside of the car. I went close to the track to observe. In my opinion, the oil had stopped spewing. I could see that the car's tire treads were dry, so obviously no oil was spraying directly onto them.

"There is no question that the car put a certain amount of oil on the track. So did other cars in one degree or another. It is part of the race; it always happens. If I had thought Parnelli was creating hazardous conditions, I would have had him black-flagged."

Johnny Poulsen, understandably, was in complete agreement. "There is oil on the track wherever we race," he said. "Parnelli's tank had 21 quarts of oil in it when he started and still had 12 quarts when he finished. He could hardly have been coating the track with oil."

The oil was coming from a tiny 3/8-inch crack at the forward bolt that helps to anchor Parnelli's streamlined, tear-shaped outboard tank to his car. When the oil spray struck the car's fiery-hot exhaust pipe it created plumes of smoke. "When I saw that you were smoking," Clark told Parnelli with a grin on his boyish face and a twinkle in his eye, "I thought, 'Aha! You won't last until the end now.'"

It would have been a shame if he had not—and a shame, too, if Fenger had flagged him off. Unquestionably, Fenger was on a very hot spot. He presumably would have black-flagged the Jones car if it had been out of serious contention. Fenger is an ex-racing driver, however, knowing better than most how greatly the Indy men strive to win this loftiest of American racing prizes, and his every impulse must have been to give the leader the widest latitude.

By calling Parnelli in, Fenger would have summarily handed the race to Clark. There was glory enough for the little Grand Prix driver and the Lotus-Fords. The fact that would be remembered after the oil squabble had dimmed was that it took the most strenuous exertions of the most nearly perfect "500" driver of modern times—Rufus Parnelli Jones—to defeat them.

If there was a matter for regret, it was that conditions did not permit Clark to continue his remarkable late-race pursuit of Parnelli and perhaps actually race wheel to wheel with him. Parnelli said he could not see his pit signals very well and did not realize how quickly Clark's

continued on page 70



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HONEST WARREN GILES: HE ALWAYS STRIVES TO PLEASE

by GERALD HOLLAND

A man of continual controversy is the cherubic, charming, deceptively relaxed president of the National League. Challenge the right of his 10 bosses to run baseball as they choose and Giles is a bulldog off a leash



When he is not flying around the circuit spreading goodwill, or attending high-level baseball conferences, Warren Crandall Giles, the president of the National League, sits at a massive oaken desk in Suite 2601 of the Carew Tower in Cincinnati next to a window that commands a broad view of the Ohio River and the Kentucky shore beyond. The desk and the view were once the property of Kentuckian A. B. (Happy) Chandler, who—before his ouster as baseball's high commissioner—was accustomed to lead visitors to the window and declaim: "Friends, look yonder. There, across the beautiful Ohio, lies the Promised Land."

Warren Giles does not indulge in such histrionics. When he looks out Old Happy's window it is safe to assume that he is less conscious of the Promised Land than he is of a tall building in the foreground that happens to house the offices

of William O. DeWitt, the proprietor of the Cincinnati Reds. As a club owner in the National League, Bill DeWitt is one of Mr. Giles's 10 bosses and, like every other red-blooded organization man, Mr. Giles is ever mindful of the best ways and means to keep his bosses pleased with his work.

Seated at Chandler's great desk (to which he has some claim, since his insistence on a nonbaseball man as commissioner clinched Happy's election in 1945), Mr. Giles is a credit to his bosses just by being there. He looks, at 67, every inch a top baseball executive: well-tailored, well-barbered, well-fed, white-haired, pink-checked, portly in a solidly packed executive sort of way. He has other assets. He had a fine combat record as a first lieutenant in World War I. He learned the art of making quick decisions as a football and basketball official in the

Missouri Valley Conference, he once worked a game between New York University and Missouri in Yankee Stadium. He designed the first emblem for the National League, a device of ball, eagle, bat, gloves, stars and stripes that he is presently revising. He must squeeze in two more stars to represent the New York Mets and the Houston Colt .45s.

He knows the major league rules by heart. Although he never played the game professionally, he has been in it as a front-office man since he was 23, starting with the Moline, Ill. club in the old Three-I League and moving steadily upward to St. Joseph, Mo. in the Western League, to Syracuse, N. Y., and Rochester in the International (where he also served a term as league president) and finally to the Cincinnati club as general manager under Owner Powell Crosley Jr.

Mr. Giles, if he is in a mood to look



back on his career as he looks out the window, can recall the fall of 1951, when he might have risen to greater heights. It was then that he ran a dead heat with Ford Frick in the voting to select a commissioner to succeed Happy Chandler. As he had with Chandler, Giles cleared the way for Frick by announcing dramatically after 17 ballots, "My first interest in baseball is the welfare of baseball itself. My second is the Cincinnati Reds, and my third is Warren Giles. In the best interests of baseball, I wish to withdraw my name." Thereupon Giles's supporters agreed to go along with Frick on condition that Giles be offered the presidency of the National League. It was done: Frick became commissioner, Giles became league president.

Since then, in striving to please his bosses (Mr. Giles would prefer to say, "In striving to serve the best interests of

baseball and the National League"), he has frequently found himself a target for the most violent kind of criticism. When the sale of the St. Louis Cardinals to Gusie Busch's Anheuser-Busch brewery was decried on the floor of the U.S. Senate, it was Giles who answered, thereby relieving the owners (as on so many other occasions) of saying anything at all. "Plain poppycock!" Giles declared. When he deplored the fact that the players had hired a lawyer to represent them, he was rewarded with the following comment from Red Smith in his syndicated column: "Warren Giles and his fellows . . . have always regarded ball players as mere chattels . . . they actually believe it is a privilege for these bondservants to appear cap in hand before their masters and petition for reforms which they do not get."

The New York Times saw fit to print

that Giles's publicly expressed unconcern with the move of the Giants and Dodgers to the West Coast was "pure hogwash." When Giles sought to prod reluctant Los Angeles voters into approving Chavez Ravine as a site for the new ball park (he said the Dodgers might have to leave Los Angeles if the voters turned down the proposal), he was accused of playing Charley McCarthy to Walter O'Malley's Edgar Bergen. Oliver Kucshie of *The Milwaukee Journal* wrote: "The O'Malleys, the Gileses and all their intimidating sissies had better keep their mouths shut. They don't do well when they open them. It is inconceivable, regardless of what O'Malley and Giles have threatened, that the Dodgers ever really will be taken out of Los Angeles. Does a hungry dog ever walk away from a juicy bone?"

The man behind the big desk in Cin-

continued

cinnati's Carew Tower was not visibly disturbed. Sportswriters, however gifted, do not elect league presidents. The men who do, when Giles had completed his first seven-year term, took only a minute to re-elect him. He has continued to please. Along with National League owners, he disapproved of a third major league. He continues to issue his annual spring forecasts of a tight National League race. He is regarded by secretaries around the league as a very nice man. He is celebrated as a wonderful host at parties. Cookouts at his suburban Cincinnati home on Mount Look-out, where he lives all alone, are occasions that friends and associates look forward to when in town. He serves prime steaks and good whisky and radiates good humor and never overindulges in spirits to a point where he would hit a policeman, as his predecessor with the Cincinnati ball club, Larry MacPhail, did at least once.

It would seem that such a moderate, amiable, affable, good-humored master of social occasions would have frequent long periods of peaceful coexistence with his critics. But somehow Warren Giles is rarely out of the headlines and hot water. And this spring he stirred up a storm in which he was deluged with disrespectful remarks by managers, players, sportswriters and broadcasters, moving Sportscenter Howard Cosell to shout into the microphone of a New York radio station that "the Giles reign has been the stupidest leadership in the history of sports."

What Mr. Giles did to start it all was to call upon his umpires for strict enforcement of the balk rule as written in the book. (Mr. Giles runs his own staff of umpires, whereas President Joe Cronin of the American League leaves that chore to Supervisor of Umpires Cal Hubbard.) The balk rule, as then written, stated that a pitcher, if he pitches from a position rather than an uninterrupted windup, must bring his motion to a complete stop of at least one second whenever men are on base. By discouraging "quick pitches," strict enforcement of the rule would benefit the base-stealer and one ball club in particular: the Los Angeles Dodgers and their fleet base runners, Maury Wills, Willie Davis, John Roseboro and Jim Gilliam.

When Giles acted there was widespread talk that Walter O'Malley, perhaps the most influential and thus most

persuasive of his 10 bosses, had pressured him. "Mr. O'Malley," said Giles to that, "has never said one word to me on the subject of the balk." Giles did admit that Walter Alston, the Dodger manager, had said quite a few words on the subject to Fred Fleig, the league secretary. It is safe to assume that Alston had confided in (or listened to) Walter O'Malley before doing so, because team managers do not presume to address league presidents on vital matters—even via league secretaries—without first consulting their club owners.

In any case, the big desk in Suite 2601 of the Carew Tower was soon bombarded with telegrams and newspaper clippings from all around the circuit. National League umpires, taking Mr. Giles at his word, were calling balks right and left, and before the end of April had exceeded the entire number ever called during any National League season. They soon reached a total of 96, while their opposite numbers in the American League had called just eight.

Paul Richards, general manager of the Houston Colts (for whom Giles's son, Bill, works as traveling secretary and publicity man), wired Giles that the balk call had better "return to some sensible basis before baseball and the National League becomes a complete joke." Richards wanted to know, "How long is this comic opera going to continue?" Fred Hutchinson, manager of Cincinnati, cried, "It's a mess!"

Meanwhile, the mess thickened. The team of umpires captained by Augie Donatelli led all the others in calling balks—five in one game. According to Columnist Mackey Herskowitz of *The Houston Post*, Giles confronted Donatelli and asked him, "Are you balk-happy or what?" Donatelli asked him if he wanted the rule enforced or not. "I want it enforced," said Giles. "Well," said Donatelli, "they were all balks and we called them."

Finally Mr. Giles had to do something. So he issued a "directive," which in baseball is regarded as something like a papal bull. He deleted the phrase "of one full second" and wrote that the pitcher must "hold the ball in both hands in front of his body and come to a stop before starting his delivery." Now other tops blew. Fresno Thompson, vice-president of the Dodgers, charged that Giles

was not interpreting the rules but changing them. He said he was so mad that he had considered resigning from the rules committee. "What do they expect us to do?" growled Casey Stengel. "Run out on the field and yell 'Stop! every time a pitcher starts to pitch!'" Umpire Al Barlick was quoted as saying he would continue to call them as he saw them. Umpire Donatelli was quoted as saying he would not call another balk all season. (Since the Giles directive Donatelli has called none.)

At last, as in all baseball crises, there was a meeting of three of the best available brains in baseball: Frick, Cronin and Giles. Confering in New York, they pondered only briefly and came up with a statement that supported Mr. Giles's own directive. The phrase "for one full second" would be eliminated. Pitchers in both leagues would be required to stop following their stretch with men on base, but not necessarily for a full second. Meanwhile, baseball's bible, *The Sporting News*, editorially applauded Mr. Giles for "acting wisely and decisively" in resolving a hassle he himself had set in motion. The rules committee (Fresco Thompson of the Dodgers going along) promptly approved the action of Frick, Cronin and Giles.

No doubt Mr. Giles was relieved. But it must be said that at no time during the uproar over enforcement of the balk rule did he betray the merest symptom of panic. At the height of the controversy he received an old friend and benefactor in his office at league headquarters. His caller was the baseball patriarch, Branch Rickey, now—at age 81—senior consultant of the St. Louis Cardinals. Rickey came stomping into Giles's office, a cigar clenched between his teeth, steering a steady course with the aid of a stout walking stick. Pleasantries were exchanged: each man said that he had never seen the other looking better. Neither said anything about balks.

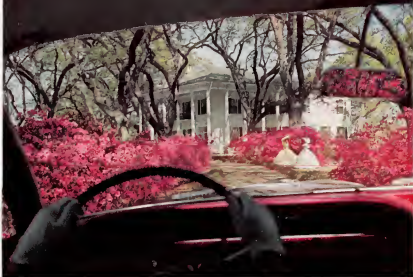
"A social call, Warren," said Rickey, reaching out to borrow a match to light his stump of cigar.

"It's always a pleasure, Branch," said Giles.

"Yes, yes," said Rickey, peering out of the window before turning back to Giles and going on:

"By sheer coincidence," he said, "I happened to be discussing our long association this morning. I was being interrogated and I was asked to specify

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Left: Lever action rifle Model 250, \$56.95. Center: Semi-automatic rifle Model 290, \$52.95. Right: Pump action rifle Model 270, \$52.95. Specifications: Magazine Capacity—21 Short, 17 Long, and 15 Long Rifle cartridges interchangeably. Sights—Rear: Square notch, adjustable for elevation and windage. Front: Square post on stress-free ramp. Receiver—Grooved for top-off scope mounts. Bolt—Engine turned. Barrel—20½", 1 turn in 16"—right-hand twist. Overall Length—39". Stock: Diversecaps—Pull—13½", drop at comb 1½", drop at heel 2". Weight—5 lbs., approximate.

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the qualities that account for your rise from the lowest classification in baseball to the presidency of our league."

Giles clasped his hands in front of him and smiled.

"Loyalty," rasped Rickey around his cigar. "Integrity. Honesty. Above all, honesty. Honesty to the point of persnickiness."

"Very nice," murmured Giles.

"I went back to what I believe was our first direct association. You, Warren, were president of the Moline, Ill. club in the Three-I League."

"That's right," said Giles. "I got that job by accident, really. There had been a meeting of fans to discuss ways we could improve the club. I got up and talked so much that I was challenged to try running the club myself. So I got into baseball that way."

"Now," said Rickey, "my brother Frank had scouted a boy in your league, recommended him to me and I called you. We reached a verbal agreement by which you agreed to sell the boy to the Cardinals for \$1,200 or so."

"An outfielder named Howard Jones," said Giles.

"Correct," said Rickey. "Now then, the Chicago White Sox later became interested in the boy. They made you a better offer. Your directors accepted the offer without clearing the matter with you. When you found out about this you said that your verbal agreement with me had to be honored or you would quit the club."

"That's exactly right," said Giles.

"Yes," said Rickey, "and then and there, Warren, I filed your name in my mental book. 'Here,' I said, 'is a young man of integrity and complete honesty. His word is his bond. This young man belongs in the St. Louis Cardinal organization.'"

"But not right away," said Giles. "I moved to St. Joe, Mo. in the Western League as club secretary."

"Oh yes," said Rickey. "And that reminds me. My interrogator this morning had come into possession of some most inaccurate information. He said that I had optioned Taylor Douthit, destined to become a great outfielder for the Cardinals, to you at St. Joe and then had let the option date pass without claiming Douthit. I told the fellow the story was ridiculous. I would never have forgotten to exercise my option on a superb prospect like Douthit."

Giles smiled broadly and looked down at his hands.

"Not likely, eh, Warren?" asked Rickey, raising his cane aloft. "Not likely I would forget an option on a boy like Douthit?"

"I am afraid, Branch," said Giles, "that you did just that. You did forget about the option on Douthit. Douthit belonged to me, and I was already getting offers for him."

Branch Rickey's bushy white eyebrows shot up.

"Yes," Giles went on, "but I didn't take the offers. I called you and explained the situation. I said I could understand how such an oversight could happen, and I told you the option on Douthit was still yours."

Rickey, leaning on his cane, got up from his chair. He squared his shoulders.

"Warren," he said, "I stand corrected. I remember now. It was just as you said. And I recall how, consulting my mental book on our experience with the boy in Moline, I decided that you must be brought into the Cardinal organization. I offered you the club at Syracuse, and when the franchise moved to Rochester you went with it. You did a splendid job. You made friends, the right friends. You were a painstaking general manager. You won four pennants for us in the International League."

Giles stood up, and they shook hands across the Happy Chandler desk.

"The Douthit episode," said Rickey, "again emphasizes your honesty, your integrity, Warren. It occurs to me that you might have indulged me in my version of it just now. But today, as always, you could not be anything but completely honest about it. I shall seek out my interrogator and confess my error."

Rickey clapped his broad-brimmed hat on his head, took a tighter grip on his cane and started for the door. When he got there he turned back and said: "A social call, Warren. We'll meet at the game tonight, perhaps."

"We will, I'm sure, Branch," said Giles.

With Branch Rickey gone, Warren Giles leaned back in his chair and mused aloud:

"I haven't thought of that Taylor Douthit incident or St. Joe, Mo. for a long time. But I remember it was a far cry from all this." He waved an arm around the room and indicated the other elegantly furnished offices of

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the suite he had inherited from Happy Chandler.

"When I arrived in St. Joe I found that the club was paying \$30 a month for offices. My salary didn't permit me to spend much on my own living quarters. So I got an idea. I located a \$34-a-month hotel room, a big room, but rather drably furnished. I bought new drapes and a new bedspread and moved in a desk. Now I had an office I could live in and the cost to me was the difference between the old office rent—just \$4 a month."

He drummed his fingers on the desk. "It's been a long road. There have been pitfalls, as I warned my son Bill when he decided on a career in baseball. There have been many, many good things—some of them seemed to happen almost by chance. Coming to Cincinnati, for instance. I met Powell Crosley at an All-Star Game in 1935. He was familiar, of course, with our winning record at Rochester. We seemed to hit it off immediately, and the following year, when he was looking for a successor to Larry MacPhail, he thought of me."

(In his history of the Cincinnati Reds, Lee Allen, currently historian of the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, tells of how Crosley and Tom Conroy, then treasurer of the club, each wrote the name of a candidate on separate pieces of paper. Then they compared notes. Both had written down the name of Warren Giles. It was a happy meeting of minds. In three years Giles—building on the nucleus of MacPhail's club, reaping the crop that MacPhail had planted in the farm clubs, trading skillfully, signing the astute Bill McKeechie as manager—brought Cincinnati its first pennant in 29 years in 1939. He came back in 1940 to win again and take the World Series as well.)

"People frequently ask me if adverse criticism bothers me. I've had a lot of it, and I have been able to shrug most of it off. Sometimes the New York writers have gotten under my skin. I didn't make any friends in New York by insisting on moving the league headquarters to Cincinnati. The fact was that my son Bill was in school. His mother had passed away, and I didn't want to take the boy away from his school and to a strange city. As a matter of fact, I made the move to Cincinnati a condition of my acceptance of the league presidency. This did not please the New York writers, because both John Heydler and

Ford Frick had made their headquarters in New York. Then I was told that I simply had to fill the job of director of public relations with a New York newspaperman. I had four separate applications. I decided to appoint Dave Grote, then the publicity director and public-address-system announcer for the Reds under Gabe Paul. Although he had no newspaper experience, Dave has done a fine job, as every newspaperman now concedes. Incidentally, it was Dave who set the record straight on a quotation widely attributed to me in the press. It came out of a press conference at the time the Dodgers and Giants moved to California. A newspaperman said, 'You have to have a team in New York.' I replied, 'Who says you *have* to have a team in New York?' What came out in the papers was a headline that said, GILES SAYS, "WHO NEEDS NEW YORK?" I confess that quote bothered me, and there seemed to be no way to dispose of it. It was repeated again and again. What was given less publicity was my statement to the effect that I was confident the National League would have a team in New York eventually. The writers wanted to know exactly when. I remember telling several of them that this was a bit like asking an unattached young man if he intended to get married. He probably would answer, 'Yes, I certainly do intend to get married, but at the moment I can't say when or to whom.'"

In Cleveland, Gabe Paul, general manager of the Indians, spoke into a telephone. (Paul entered baseball as a clubhouse shoeshine boy at Rochester, rose to be correspondent for *The Sporting News* and was spotted as a comer by Warren Giles during his tenure at Rochester. Giles brought Gabe to Cincinnati as publicity director, made him his assistant, fingered him as general manager—a spot from which Gabe moved to Houston and then to Cleveland.) "Mr. Giles," said Gabe Paul, "is a very warm individual. He has a lot of courage. He is wholly dedicated to the National League. He feels the same way about the National League that Ban Johnson used to feel about the American. Johnson acted as if there was just one major league. Mr. Giles is equally devoted to the National. He is a great fan. He loves to root. He used to root his head off when he was running the Reds. Now he

has to be careful not to show any partiality—except in the All-Star Game and the World Series. Then he lets go. As for the talk going around that National League umpires are trying to embarrass Giles by calling all those balks, that's nonsense. Mr. Giles is the best friend the umpires ever had."

That night at the ball game Warren Giles sat in a box with friends. His box is on the third-base line, a score of rows back from the front. He sat with folded arms, impassive throughout as Joe Nuxhall pitched a five-hit shutout for the Reds against the St. Louis Cardinals. It must have been particularly difficult for Mr. Giles to maintain his neutrality that evening, because he himself had signed Nuxhall as a boy of 15—the youngest pitcher ever to appear in a major league game to this day.

"Mr. Giles," said a neighbor, "what do you think of 12-team leagues?"

"Twelve-team leagues will come eventually," said Mr. Giles, "but not until we have the players to supply four new clubs. I think we will have to come to a complete subsidy of the minor leagues. We are working to encourage college baseball. We would like to see boys going to college on baseball scholarships endowed by the major leagues, and see the college teams play a summer schedule. One collegiate summer league has already been organized in Illinois. And, in order to attract boys to baseball, we will have to see that minor league salaries are raised. Many of the young men will be married and will have to earn enough to support a family. The 12-team leagues would make for better scheduling, with eastern and western divisions in both leagues."

"Mr. Giles," the neighbor went on, "people still talk of you as commissioner when Mr. Frick retires—in two years, I believe? Would you consider—"

"I am 67 years old," interrupted Mr. Giles, holding up his hands. "The commissionership is utterly out of the question. I wouldn't consider it even if my name were brought up—which I think is quite unlikely."

He folded his arms again and studied Joe Nuxhall out on the mound. He sat that way quietly for the rest of the game, looking just right for the role in which fate had cast him, looking like honest Warren Giles, who strives to please—and succeeds in pleasing—the baseball masters he serves.

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THE CADENCES OF CREW

To an oarsman a cadence is a series of practice strokes taken at a gradually increased beat. To a layman the word suggests rather the flow and rhythm of a sport unsurpassed in beauty. The following pictures of the annual Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta on New York's Onondaga Lake, painted by Harvey Schmidt, express both meanings of the word. So does the first-person account by a Harvard undergraduate of a race recently rowed on Cayuga Lake. It begins on page 74.



In a ritual march, oarsmen carry the fragile shell on their shoulders from the boathouse



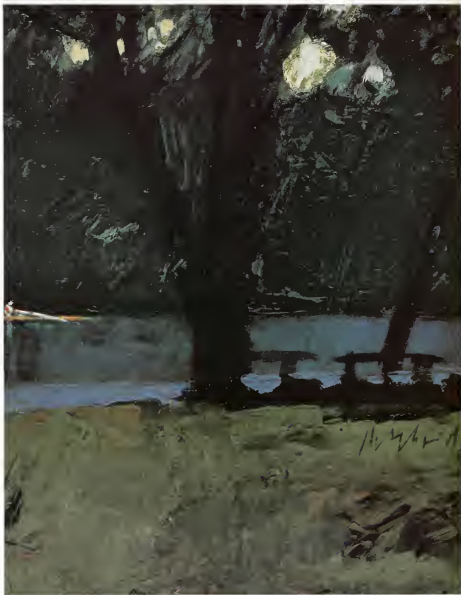
to the float, where they will flip it overhead to their knees and slide it neatly into the water



At almost any time during the morning of the race one or more crews can be seen stroking



easily along below the lush greenery of Onondaga Park, on their way to the starting line



Under one of the many signs set up to mark the course, spectators clustered on the bank



watch the exhausted boatloads come to rest in disorderly array beyond the finish line



An aerial photograph of a river scene. In the foreground, a long wooden rowing boat is filled with several rowers, their oars dipping into the water. Further upstream, another smaller rowing boat is visible, and in the distance, a single person is seen on the water. The river is surrounded by lush green trees and foliage.

The race done, rowers must still find strength for the long pull to the boathouse

Distance is the truest test

None of the 3-year-olds in the Belmont has yet raced
12 furlongs; the winner can claim class championship

Because it will not be run at Belmont Park, for the first time since 1904, this week's 95th running of the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct is being referred to by racetrack wags as either the Belduct or the Aquemont. Nevertheless, it is still serious business to its participants. The Belmont, no matter where it takes place, is at the European classic distance of a mile and a half, and the winner is likely to be crowned the year's 3-year-old champion: a runner of proven ability and a sought-after stud.

The Belmont's heavy favorite is sure to be Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots. He has lost only once in his life, to Chateaugay in the Kentucky Derby. Since then he has come back brilliantly to beat Chateaugay in the Preakness, and last week he won his fourth \$100,000 race of the year (bringing his total earnings to \$555,527) by beating Maine Chance Farm's Get Around in the mile-and-an-eighth Jersey Derby at Garden State. Some thought Candy Spots should have won more impressively in the Jersey than he did, but Trainer Mesh Tenney is satisfied. "He ran his usual race, I thought," said Tenney later. "Bill [Shoemaker] saw Howard Grant coming up on Get Around in the far turn and yelled over, 'Where you going, jock?' and then just let out a rap on Candy Spots."

It has been said that the Belmont beats many a good horse because it beats many a trainer. This should not apply to Tenney and Candy Spots. Tenney feels strongly that a mile and a half should be to Candy Spots's advantage, because "he's done all his running in the late stages of his races."

Tenney also has no qualms about training for this classic distance. "I don't like to work a horse hard or long," he says, "and I never work him farther than a mile. A horse runs his distance on conformation and breeding, and no conditioning helps him beyond a mile. I really believe that if you get a horse dead

fit to run three-quarters of a mile he'll go as far as he can." Tenney, without ever working his horses more than a mile, won the mile-and-three-quarters San Juan Capistrano with Olden Times and twice won the mile-and-five-eighths Sunset, with Swaps and Prove It.

Another fit horse this Saturday, says Trainer Jimmy Conway, will be Darby Dan's Chateaugay. "Between the Preakness and the Belmont he'll have had four works in three weeks, and the little time he's had away from racing has done him some good. He was slow to get his run going in the Preakness, and once he did it wasn't as good a run as we expected." Neither Conway nor Owner John W. Galbreath doubts Chateaugay's ability to go the distance, but they may surprise the field by running Ornamento as part of an entry.

Maine Chance Farm's trainer, George Poole, is hesitant about sending Get Around out to tackle Candy Spots in the longer race. But George D. Widener's Top Gallant, Greentree's Outing Class (the stable is in top form) and C. V. Whitney's Tom Cat are probable starters. One trainer who is not embarrassed about showing his hand is Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons. "I hope to start Wheatley Stable's Insurrection in there to see what he can do," he says.

Running the race at smaller Aqueduct means the Belmont will start midway around the far turn. The gate will probably be drawn to the outside rail to give the field as straight a starting run as possible. Still, this hasn't noticeably depressed any of the Belmont trainers. And, as usual, Fitzsimmons had the suggest observations to make: "Remember, for years and years they used to start the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup on the turn at Belmont Park and I don't think anybody ever got too upset over it. If you've got the horse the start doesn't matter." Ellsworth and Tenney seem to have the horse again.

END

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Finding new fun in the fields

An informal kind of field trial gives family-bred retrievers a fine chance to enjoy themselves

On a recent Saturday morning a group of shivering, slicker-clad men, women and children converged upon the banks of a small, weed-choked pond in Bedford Hills, N.Y. After several weeks of premature summer weather, the temperature had dropped to around 40°,

rain had fallen steadily for hours, and dark, gloomy clouds hung on the horizon. Undeterred by this discouraging weather, the newcomers immediately began erecting gaily striped tents, attaching strange extensions to the backs of station wagons and fencing off little areas in which coffee pots and Coleman stoves were set to sputtering. Throughout the activity, retrievers of various sizes and shapes sloshed about in the mud, sniffed at boxes of sandwiches and scurried from underfoot.

From the combination of miserable weather and dogs, it was clear that the occasion was to be a field trial. But from the preponderance of small children, picnic lunches and good-natured banter, it was also clear that it was not a field trial in any ordinary sense. It was, in fact, what is known among dog people as a "fun trial," and in spite of an apparent conspiracy of the elements against any kind of fun, everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time.

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continued



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DOGS continued

earned, such trials are rapidly becoming a favorite weekend sport from Connecticut to California. Fundamentally, a fun trial is a field trial—but, unlike conventional trials, it is neither sanctioned nor licensed by the American Kennel Club, and is usually organized by a small, unofficial group such as the Westchester Retriever Club, which ran the Bedford Hills trial.

"In the retriever game," says longtime field-trial gun Charles Smith, "we are beginning to be aware of a developing schism between national field-trial dogs and ordinary, competent gun dogs. There is still a very important place in the retriever breeds for dogs that are principally hunting companions. However, there is no longer any place for these dogs in the high-pressure, supermechanized contests that national retriever trials have become."

Good companion

One of the major events at a fun trial is the gun dog class, a simple, informal test of a retriever's abilities as a hunting companion. The dog need not be a finished performer. On the line, if he moves about, wags his tail or has to be held steady by his handler, nobody minds. And if, when he goes after his bird, he lets out a squeal of good-natured delight, the breach of etiquette does not count against him as it would at a regular trial. Almost all the dogs at a fun trial are handled by their owners and only a few have had the benefit of professional training. Their lessons have usually been sandwiched in here or there by owners commuting from brokerage firms, advertising agencies or sales offices. Almost without exception, the dogs that compete are family pets. "When a dog goes at a regular trial, people often say that he has spent too much time in the kennel," says Author Richard Wolters (SI, April 24, 1961), president of the Westchester Retriever Club. "At a fun trial, it is usually a question of the dog spending too much time in the family living room."

First and foremost, the fun trial is a family affair. When 8-year-old Jackie MacIntosh of Millbrook handled her golden retriever Bruce at the Bedford Hills trial, a gallery of pint-sized peers watched as intently as experts. And when Jackie signaled the judges that she and Bruce were ready, the youngsters seemed almost to stop breathing.

Not a shiny yellow hair on Bruce's 50-pound body moved as he waited at Jackie's side. One duck was dropped in a small channel across the pond; another fell behind a weedy point of land well out of sight of the dog.

Jackie gave the command to fetch. Bruce leaped off the bank and swam for the first bird. He retrieved it neatly and then, on Jackie's signal, went after the second, more difficult one. For several tense minutes it seemed he would not find it—the bird had maneuvered up under the weedy point near which it had fallen. Undismayed, Jackie tooted on the whistle around her neck like an old pro. While the gallery, youngsters and adults alike, watched in hushed silence, her tiny arms flashed signals to the dog. Suddenly, Bruce was on the scent and, as he retrieved the bird, a broad, bright grin burst upon Jackie's face and on those of every youngster in the field.

"It's amazing how interested kids are and how well they can do in field trials once they know what a retriever's job is and how much the dogs can do," says Bill Alexander, an eighth-grade science teacher from Carmel, N.Y., whose interest in dogs dates from the time about a year ago, when he bought a 5-month-old Labrador puppy named Rocky and set about trying to train him for duck hunting. Helen Ginnel, who sold him the dog and who also happens to be secretary of the Westchester Retriever Club, suggested that he attend one of their weekly training sessions. From then on, Rocky, Bill and his young wife Nancy became familiar figures at informal trials throughout New York and Connecticut.

Rocky has already placed in nine trials, and Bill is so enthusiastic about what the sport has done for him and his dog that, two weeks ago, assisted by Helen Ginnel and Jackie's father, Jack MacIntosh, he staged a full-scale demonstration in the gymnasium of the Carmel Junior High School. Youngsters in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades helped convert the school gymnasium into an indoor forest of logs, evergreens, bushes and artificial trees. Working with live ducks and pigeons, Rocky and six other Labradors demonstrated their skill to some 350 students. "Gee, they're really smart to be able to find those birds the way they do, even when the birds hide and all," said one interested observer. "A guy would be pretty dumb to hunt alone when he could take along a retriever like that."

END



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Drawing by Francis Johnson

This choke-up grip requires you to shorten the backswing (red arrows), distribute weight evenly (blue) and aim to the right.

On a hill, stand firm and swing gently

There are two essential things to remember when hitting from a sidehill lie where the ball is higher than the feet. The first, which is obvious but surprisingly easy to forget, is that you must concentrate unusually hard on keeping your balance. The second is that the ball is probably going to hook quite a bit. To insure good balance, the player should get his weight well distributed on the heels of both feet. He should also maintain a very upright stance, with the knees flexed only slightly. Then, to counterbalance the fact that the ball will be nearer to him than usual, he should

choke down on the grip of his club. Finally, the backswing should be made slowly and kept quite short; both of these things help maintain balance. At the bottom of the downswing the clubhead should not hit the ground. Instead, it should sweep the ball off the turf. If hit properly, the ball is now going to hook, so aim to the right of the hole. The shortened backswing and the choked-up grip will cut down on distance. To compensate for this it is a sound idea to use one more club (a four-iron, for instance, instead of a five) than would be used under normal circumstances.



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High time for all at the Bourbon Open

They were going to grow corn on the course in Bardstown, Ky. until Charlie and his pals founded golf's most spirited tournament. Now 400 happily tee off each year with nothing to lose but booze



THERE WERE NO PRIZES UNTIL CHARLES DESPAIN PRODUCED A CELESTIAL SOLUTION

Todd Brady is 34, bald and his stomach hangs over the belt of his black Bermuda shorts. He is president of a construction firm during the week. He plays serious golf on weekends. The other day, while competing in one of the world's largest golf tournaments, Brady chipped a nice shot onto the 4th green. He circled the cup twice, backed off and extended his arm. Brady's caddy did not give him a putter. Instead, an attendant wearing a bartender's jacket and pushing a straw baby buggy handed him a glass of 90-proof bourbon, soda, ice and a napkin.

Brady, you see, was one of 402 golfers from eight states playing in the 18th an-

nual Bourbon Open golf tournament in Bardstown, Ky. There is nothing misleading about the name of the event—over 100 gallons of bourbon are opened there each year. Each player receives half a pint on the first tee. In addition, except for \$175 in the pro division, six julep cups—and three hams, in case a kid or a preacher wins—all of the prizes are bourbon.

Forty percent of the world's bourbon is produced by 12 distilleries around this town of 4,798, located 34 miles south of Louisville, and when the wind is right there is even a bourbon scent on the golf course. Kentucky law prohibits distill-

eries from giving away whisky, but the bourbon barons circumvent this by donating money for ads in the tournament program. Revenue from the ad sales is used to buy the prize bourbon. It also is against Kentucky law to buy a drink in towns the size of Bardstown—only residents of places with populations over 8,000 are considered urbane enough to handle liquor. But during the Open, if you have 35¢ for a glass of branch water, you can get the bourbon to go with it.

The setting of the Bourbon Open is not exactly a southern spa. The clubhouse, which resembles a nice little maroon barn, sits on a graded bank beside the road. To reach the first tee, golfers have to climb a 125-foot hill that is so steep the club wants to install a ski lift when it gets the money. The course is leased from the Old Kentucky Home State Park, which bounds it on two sides. It is only nine holes, and you must go around twice for a par-72. There are no sand traps, but obstacles, in addition to empty bottles, abound. One is a graveyard, which must be shot over.

The course has neither a pro nor a greenkeeper. "We do have a committee that hires somebody to cut the weeds, water the greens and put straw in the washouts," says Dr. Bill Oakley, the club president. "Used to be we only had sand, then cottonseed greens. Finally a bunch went to a seed house in Louisville, bought some seed and found out how to have grass greens."

The greens are not too bad, at that. The course is something else. "It's like playing in an old field," says Ira Miller, a bottle-cap man from Middletown, N.J., "and you end up in the wrong fairway and have to dodge balls all day. But I wouldn't miss it for anything."

The attraction of the Bourbon Open is simply fun. It is the world's only three-day tournament where each contestant plays just one day—18 holes. The other two days are reserved for socializing. Homes are open for parties. Keys are left in automobiles around the club and visi-

ing golfers unhesitatingly drive them. They also unhesitatingly use the club's facilities at all hours, and it is a good thing that they do.

At 3:30 on a Saturday morning, the most recent Bourbon Open was about to end spectacularly and prematurely. The clubhouse caught fire, and there was no watchman to report it. Two fully dressed golfers, however, had been wallowing in the swimming pool. Friends arrived from downtown to haul them away, and discovered the blaze. The fire department was aroused in time to restrict the damage to one end of the structure. Charlie DeSpain, vice-president of Heaven Hill Distilleries, arrived and rewarded the fire fighters with bourbon. Some of the firemen were still there when the first golfers showed up at 6:30 a.m.

The Bourbon Open has three categories of golfers. About 100 amateurs and professionals from Kentucky and four or five surrounding states seriously try to win. One of the pros in last month's tournament was Courtney Noe, a red-faced, friendly man who holds the distinction of being the low pro in the inaugural Bourbon Open. After leaving the bar and walking onto the course, Courtney did not appear to have the steel nerves and iron will of a Ben Hogan. But he sank a 25-foot putt for a birdie on the 18th hole. This gave him a 4-under-par 68 and tied him for first place with Carroll Boyatt, a 33-year-old club professional from La Grange, Ky., and Rich Casabella, a 23-year-old pro from Honolulu who plans to join the PGA tour soon.

About half of the field is a hopeful array of duffers. Many in this group have business foursomes, and inviting a customer to the Bourbon Open usually makes a friend. The third group, about 100 strong, regards scores as somewhat immaterial. There are times when somebody has to putt for them near the end of their rounds.

Despite the hazards, only six of the 408 men who paid entry fees did not actually get out on the course this year. Among these was a vivid personality in a red polo shirt and red eyes to match. He swung on the first tee and missed. He swung again and missed. He lit a filter-tip cigarette, inhaled slowly, and swung again. And missed.

"Course is too tough for me today," he announced and walked down the hill to the bar where he had a heavenly float.

This is a bowl of bourbon and ice cream.

Several women were sitting in the lounge chairs by the bar at this time. One of them, down from Louisville, had brought her own bottle of gin. She discreetly drank from a paper cup. This is tough country for a gin drinker.

"George did better this year," she said to a friend. "He has been down here four times and this is the first time he's made it off the porch."

The Bourbon Open goes back to September 1945. Only a few men in Bardstown, which then had 3,500 residents, played golf at the time, and the park director planned to plant the course in corn. But Lee Grigsby, who owns a large farm-implement company and has a great regard for golf, wanted the course kept open. One day he was playing cards and sipping a drink and daydreaming about a tournament while sitting in George Allen Barnes's old chicken house, which the tipplers around town call the "Fancy House."

Charlie DeSpain was there, too, and offered bourbon for prizes. Then Grigsby went to Louisville's Crescent Hill Golf Club and solicited 35 golfers at a \$5 entry fee. He had to promise them a free supper for the \$5.

But the park director—still thinking in terms of corn—would not cut the weeds on the course. So Grigsby borrowed a state highway department mower, and the course was made playable—more or less. It was kept that way, too, since this was during a change of state administration, and nobody missed the mower for four months.

There was no clubhouse or even a shelter at the time, only a soft drink stand, with a toilet on one side and a closet, where they locked up the bourbon, on the other. Still, the tournament had its complexities. The caddy master—the late Sylvester (The Cad) Rodman—had a key to the closet. What bourbon Cad didn't drink, he gave away. Nobody really minded. There was also the well-remembered matter of the Louisville gamblers. They got up a crap game under the trees and cleaned out several Bardstown citizens. Still, the tournament was a rousing success. The field soon grew to over a hundred starters, and the Open became a community affair with nine other distillers joining in backing it. But the tournament really did not fully flower as the Bourbon Open until a hot Sunday afternoon in 1951.

continued



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That day Charlie DeSpain and two associates went out to the Heaven Hill distillery, piled three cases of half pints in the back seat of a Cadillac and drove along Loretto Road, adjacent to the course, throwing the half pints out where the golfers would find them. "It was like a grown-ups' Easter egg hunt," Charlie recalls.

Next year there were 200 entries, more than double the Kentucky State Amateur field. Today 400 entries are all the Bourbon Open can handle. "We couldn't even squeeze in everybody who wanted to play this year," says Bob Heaton, the tournament chairman. "In fact, we have to be selective and really discourage any non-golfing drinkers."

For any first-time entrant, there is an assuring note: In 18 years, only one Bourbon Open player has ever been arrested. That happened in 1956 when a Louisville clothing man skidded his car around the town square and crashed it into the police station.

Next morning, which was Sunday, Freeman Carothers was informed he would be needed for a trial. Carothers is 47, wears a brown belt that loops a time and a half around his middle and has holes in his short-sleeve sport shirt. He works for Grigsby, but also moonlights as the police judge and town Santa Claus. He throws a cocktail breakfast on Sunday during the Open, so there were about 100 people around when the Louisville clothing man, wearing the wrinkled brown suit he had slept in, was brought forward to face judgment.

"You're on the police books," Freeman said. "I gotta fine you."

"Oh, I expect to be," the defendant said. It was plain that he was suffering from a hangover, a Bourbon hangover.

Freeman led him to the kitchen and took a personal check for \$105 (\$100 fine and \$5 cost). "Now go upstairs and take a bath and put on one of my clean white shirts," Freeman said.

When the rehabilitated defendant returned, Freeman poured him a double shot of bourbon. "This'll straighten you out," Freeman said. "I know exactly how you feel, man."

That was at one p.m. About 7 p.m., while the Open winners were receiving their prizes—Judge Carothers and the only man ever to drive into the Birdstown police station were still pouring bourbon for each other.

END



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strong—and strong in about every other way you can imagine. Heavy-duty springs, shocks, brakes, nylon tires and 15-inch wheels are mandatory. The four-speed gear-box could cope with a diesel truck, but it shifts like a spoon in Jersey cream. And the way this vehicle goes would raise welts on a cast-iron stove!

Is this for you? Not unless you want a car with muscles all over it. Not unless you crave a strong boy who can put down

any other full-size car in the world—bar none—and most of the great sports cars. But if you do, sample this. You'll never be the same!

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Out to beard the Blue

Five straight times the world bridge championship has been won by Italy's famed and fancy-bidding Blue Team. Now three teams, the U.S., France and Argentina, are off to St. Vincent, Italy to see if one of them cannot at long last confound the Blues and take away the title. The nine-day tournament begins on June 15, and I think the Italians are in for their sternest test yet. But who will press the favorites the hardest? Not Argentina; despite or because of the drastic change in its team this year, it has to be figured as fourth.

Baron Robert de Nexon, the nonplaying captain of the French team, has expressed great confidence, and there is quite a bit of support for his squad among overseas bridge experts. The French are led again by their experienced partnership of Pierre Ghestem and René Bacherich, called "The Snails" because of their slow play, but much admired for the kind of skill displayed in this hand, played in the 1961 World Championships against Peter Leventritt and Howard Schenken, who are on the U.S. team again this year.

Ghestem elected to bid with a hand that most American players would pass, and he pressed on to game with it. Against a declarer who has bid two suits, a trump opening is often best, but in this case Leventritt's lead of the three of hearts killed a defensive trump trick and gave Ghestem his chance.

After studying the

opening lead for a few minutes, as usual, Ghestem played low from dummy and took the queen with his king. Some 15 minutes later he led his low diamond. If West rose with the ace, a ruffing finesse against the king would let declarer set up a diamond trick. When West ducked, East won the jack with his king and returned the 10 of spades, covered by the jack, queen and ace. Declarer ruffed a diamond, returned to dummy via the jack of hearts and ruffed another diamond, felling West's ace. The ace of hearts drew the remaining trumps, and declarer led a low spade.

To win the trick would have left West with an impossible lead, so he ducked. Dummy's 7 won, a club was discarded on the good diamond and Ghestem cashed dummy's ace of clubs, preparing to throw West in with the club king. To let this happen would insure dummy a 10th trick with a good spade. West's only remaining hope was to dump the club king under the ace, but this desperate play established South's queen as his 10th trick. It was a magnificent performance by a partnership that will surely prove tough to face in St. Vincent.

Even with Ghestem and Bacherich, however, I can't go along with the European feeling that the French are the main threat to Italy's domination. My vote for that role goes to the U.S. I do not know if we can beat the Blue Team, but nobody has a better chance.

END

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

WEST

♠ K Q 5 4 2
♥ 10 5 3
♦ A 10 4
♣ K 5

NORTH

♠ A 9 7 6 3
♥ J 6
♦ Q J 8 6
♣ A 6

EAST

♠ 10
♥ Q 7 2
♦ K 9 7 5 2
♣ J 10 7 3

SOUTH

♠ J 6
♥ A K 9 8 4
♦ 3
♣ Q 9 8 4 2

SOUTH

(Ghestem) (Leventritt) (Bacherich) (Schenken)
1♥ 1♠ DBL 1 N.T.
2♦ PASS 3♥ PASS
4♥ PASS PASS PASS

Opening lead: 3 of hearts



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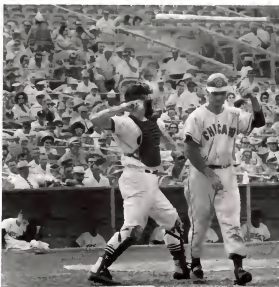


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time, he seems self-conscious and even embarrassed. He should be: his batting average is .087. You sit back. You know that he is pitching a good game and that it is too early to take him out for a pinch hitter. But why does he have to come up at a time like this?

You shout loyally. "Come on, Sting Ray, baby. Hang in there, kid." But your heart isn't in it, and neither is Sting Ray's. He backs away from an outside pitch and looks hurt when the umpire calls it a strike. He digs in, cocks his

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BASEBALL

at strike three. The inning is over, the runners have died on base, and the score is still 2-0. It stays that way, and after the game Sting Ray matters that the club sure hasn't been getting him very many runs lately.

All pitchers are not like Sting Ray. Some can hit—Warren Spahn, for instance, and Robin Roberts and Jim Bunning and Don Drysdale. But most can't. Last year 33 major league pitchers who were in 100 innings had batting averages beginning with a zero, like .062 and .053 and .044. This spring Bob Buhl of the Chicago Cubs extended his times at bat without a safe hit to 87 before busting out of his slump with a single. He followed with a rush of base hits (three, if you're counting) to lift his season's average, as of a few days ago, to a rich, ripe .137. Do not sneer at .137. When Buhl's average hovered at that memorable peak last week, the Cubs' 10-man pitching staff had a collective batting average of .128. The Cub pitchers had contributed a total of 15 hits to their team's batting attack. They had received five bases on balls and had batted in five runs. Statistics can be unfair, but never mind—these say that Cub pitchers pony up one base hit every three games and that they bat in one run every nine games, whether it's needed or not. And the Cub pitchers are nothing exceptional. They are just run-of-the-mill lousy hitters, except for Bob Buhl.

Buhl is a big, quiet, good-looking fellow (he resembles the movie actor Rory Calhoun) who has compiled one of the best won-and-lost records in baseball over the past 10 years without attracting much attention. Then, last season, fame, walking backward, came to Robert Buhl. He became the Babe Ruth, the Ty Cobb, the Honus Wagner of weak-hitting pitchers. The American League thought it had something in Hank Aguirre of the Detroit Tigers, who had only two hits in 75 at bats for an .027 average. Well, Buhl went to bat 70 times and had no hits, none at all, not one. He bettered Aguirre's average by 27 points. He batted .000.

Buhl's batting record, like an archeological find, is fascinating to sift through. He was not entirely unproductive at the plate in 1962. He scored two runs. He batted in one. He had seven sacrifice bunts and one sacrifice fly. He stole a base! He was caught trying to steal another. Most startling of all, he

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INDIANAPOLIS

Continued from page 11

yellow-striped green bullet was overtaking him. Logic says Parnelli would have won in *mano a mano* combat; he had invariably been faster than Clark in practice. Still, with his blood up, racing a handy car that made the heavier Offenhausers look like tractors in the turns, thumping some of the very fastest Offies despite their ability to outdrag him leaving the turns, Clark would have made the finish unforgettably close.

What's more, there was fuel for a thousand barroom arguments in Parnelli's shrewd and fortunate use of yellow caution lights—by making his second and third pit stops while they were on, and by increasing his advantage over Clark, at times, while running under them.

Green lights around the track go out and yellow ones on when an accident occurs. Last week the yellows were on for an unusually long time—48 minutes 38 seconds of the race's 3½ hours—as race drivers spun, hit walls or had mechanical failures requiring workmen to clear the track.

Under the yellow the racing pace is supposed to slow to 120 mph and drivers are not supposed to improve their positions. This never works out very tidily. One driver's estimated 120 is actually 120 mph and another's 110. Some cars benefit, others suffer. Last week Jones clearly benefited—by how much is conjecture.

"I think," said Clark, "that I lost at least a minute on yellow lights. In the middle of the race I was stuck behind a fellow who wouldn't get going and I was losing three seconds a lap to Parnelli."

"Our inexperience under the yellow lights," said Colin Chapman, "dropped us just that little bit and cost us the race."

Maybe so, maybe not. "If" questions like this can never be satisfactorily answered, because a race obviously cannot be rerun—with wrongs righted—from the point at which controversy develops.

Parnelli had a pretty big if of his own. "If" he said, "we hadn't goofed by not taking on quite enough fuel at the start, I could have run the race on two pit stops instead of three and then nobody could have made it close. To get by on two stops I knew I had to make close to 70 laps on my first tank. I had to come in after only 63, and at that my engine nearly died in the pits. Then I knew I was committed to three stops."



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About another important matter, however, there was no if at all. Clark gained much by making only one pit stop but lost a number of precious seconds because that stop was not up to Indy's high standards. Twenty seconds is excellent, 25 not bad, but the 32-plus expended by Clark's crewmen was mediocre. Worse was the 42.2-second job for Garney when he pulled in a few laps earlier. This was perhaps to be settled during a group tackling the "500" for the first time; the future should bring sharp improvement.

Followers of racing had been kicking a good many ifs around for weeks—and a good thing, too, because the only real question to be settled during the past decade at Indy was which Offenhauser roadster would win.

New cast of characters

This year there was spectacular novelty. First, and most promising, there were the nimble, frameless Lotus'es with chassis by Chapman and rear-mounted V-8 aluminum engines, made by the Ford Motor Company, which burned pump gasoline, not the usual racing alcohol. *California's indefatigable* Mickey Thompson, a man who feels guilty if he sleeps more than three hours a night, entered five Chevrolet-engined V-8s. A startlingly low, wide new model was qualified by veteran Duane Carter, at 30 the oldest of the drivers in the race. Its engine blew. A 1962 Thompson car was qualified by an unknown Indy rookie, 39-year-old Al Miller. It finished ninth. With General Motors on an antiracing binge, Thompson was denied the Chevrolet financial backing he might have been able to count on in other years. He seemed to be attempting too much too late on too thin a pocketbook.

Then there were the Novis—lovable, waiting, supercharged brutes which, since their first "500" appearance in 1941, had created a body of fans as deliriously faithful—and unrewarded—as those of the New York Mets. Astonishingly, three Novis made the 33-car starting field, with one driven by leadfoot Jim Hurtubise smack in the front row. One spun out in the second lap, another never really got going, but Hurtubise at least had the satisfaction of leading the first lap. His Novi, unfortunately, broke down in mid-race.

These intruders left 26 places for the conventional roadsters, and besides Parnelli such formidable drivers as former winners Roger Ward, A. J. Foyt, Jim Rathmann and Troy Ruttman (who won

continued



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INDIANAPOLIS *continued*

the race in an Agyan car in 1952).

Indianapolis pulsed with anticipation the night before the race. Thousands shivered through the chilly hours in and around their cars, ringing the speedway, and raced for the best infield viewing spots when the gates opened at 5 a.m. The majority were college boys having a high old beer-guzzling spree; as less impulsive racegoers drove in Thursday they saw a few flaked out, fast asleep, in bunkers of the golf course that is part of the vast infield.

Aerial bombs exploded, colorful balloons floated into the cloudless sky, Astronaut Gordon Cooper made one orbit of the track with Speedway Owner Tony Hulman, to ecstatic applause, and then at 11 o'clock, the "500" was rousing, noisily on.

The race evolved in three distinct parts. From his starting position on the pole, Parnelli swooped away to an impressive lead. When he pitted first, his margin was half a minute, or approximately half a lap.

Always with the fastest flight of a dozen cars in the first phase, the Lotus-Fords of Clark and Gurney starred in the second segment, as they ran one, two. Distressingly, Gurney was not getting enough wear from his right rear tire to make the one-stop race both he and Clark had planned. He had to get new rubber after 92 laps, and knew then he could not win. "It took the heart out of me," he said later. "We didn't get the riggin' of Dan's car right," Chapman said. Thus another if: Gurney might well have joined Clark in that marvelous stern chase of Parnelli. Ultimately, however, he pitted again after 183 laps—and again one lap later to have a loose wheel tightened. Despite these misadventures he managed to place seventh.

When Clark made his pit stop Parnelli recaptured the lead and never again lost it. He earned every decibel of the ovation given him. And, just as surely, he knew that his might have been the last triumphant stand of the now outmoded roadster. New, smaller, faster 15-inches of the kind used on the Lotus-Fords gave the Offies decidedly better wear than their old 18-inch rear and 16-inch front tires. Now most Offies should drive the "500" on only two stops. But two should be one too many.

"The old cars," said Missian Lindsey Hopkins, long an owner of "500" roadsters, "have got to go."

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TRY FIFTY-THREE FOR LAUGHS

BY TOM MAYER

A Harvard sophomore, who has given up rowing to concentrate on writing, tells how it was when his crew went to Ithaca by bus to race against Cornell's lightweights in '82

6 a.m., Friday. Cold, damp, gray. The seat is too small and already I feel the circulation going out of my legs. Knees all jammed up. Damn buses. We are over the rear wheels, so that there are a lot of bumps, and there is a draft from the closed window seeping in on my neck.

The upholstery is a dirty green. The seats don't recline, and our ears are piled in the aisle, so that it is impossible to stretch our legs out. John Young is sitting beside me. Hair disheveled, tie askew, snoring. Up in the front of the bus Coolidge (the varsity coach) and Freddie (our coach) are talking. Too far away to hear what they're saying. I doze. 6:30 a.m. The rolling Massachusetts countryside. Stone walls. I know the road pretty well as far as Worcester. The bus is coming to life. Laughter from the front. Young wakes up, brushes the hair from his eyes. Grins. "What a day!"

"Only six more hours or so," I say, "and lunch."

He laughs. Neither one of us will be able to eat lunch, because we have to make weight. We are the two heaviest men in the freshman lightweights. "What'd you weigh out last night?" asks Young.

"Fifty-five. Only two to go, but I had some dinner."

"I was 58. You got no problems at all, kid. No problems at all."

Each one of us is assigned a specific weight in order to make the boat average 150. The maximum for an individual is 155, but the boat must average 150. I am supposed to weigh 153.

I try to shut the window tighter, but the draft persists. Ned Cabot, our cox, is across the aisle from us. We rowed together for two years in prep school. "Hey, Babbitt," I say. A private nickname. His mouth is open. "Hey, Babu, come to." No response. He is wearing sunglasses. "Let him sleep," Young says. "It's a long way to Ithaca."

Cabot is very good-natured about being a Cabot, and I like him for it. Our coach, Freddie, is a Cabot too. Second cousins. Also we have Theodore Roosevelt IV. The stroke is from Texas, and I do not think he had ever seen a body of water bigger than a stock tank before he came to Cambridge.

9 a.m. We stop at a Howard Johnson's. Almost everyone gets off. People have to climb over the backs of the seats to avoid stepping on the oars. "Get me some Juicy Fruit, will you?" I say to Young.

"Sure, but you gotta watch that sugar. Sugar makes weight."

"It's not weight that counts now."

Richard, 6 on the jayvees, has not gotten off either. We

prop our feet up on the oars. "You got any secrets on weight?" I ask. Any lightweight is always happy to talk about his weight. Only wrestlers are more boring on the subject.

"Ex-Lax," he says. "But it only works sometimes."

"Maybe I'll try it next week. We'll be at home, and I can sort of keep it under control."

"I took half a box last night," he says. "Nothin' happened. It worked like a charm against Navy."

"Are you high this time?"

"I'm always high." He is solid. Almost big enough to row heavies. He cleans a pair of sunglasses. "How's your boat?" he asks. We don't see much of the upper echelons socially.

"O.K.," I say. "Lots of power, no experience. Sometimes they fall apart."

"You'll have plenty of experience by the sprints," he says. The eastern sprints at Worcester are the climax of the lightweight season. To win the sprints is to have a successful season. "You've rowed before, haven't you?"

"Yes," I say.

"Where?"

"Andover."

"What boat were you?"

"First. For two years."

"That's pretty good," he says. My credentials are in order. We talk about Cornell for a while. They'll be good, he says, which is hardly news. They always are. Penn is in the race, too, but nobody worries about them.

People begin to straggle back onto the bus. Coolidge has us count down, to make sure that everyone is on board. The varsity gets all bailed up, counts out of turn. MacMahon, the 6 man, forgets which boat he is on.

Coolidge stands up in the aisle. "Come on, varsity. Count down properly." He is wearing a blue suit with pinstripes, tab collar. His hair is slicked down. He is known as the best-dressed coach on the Charles. The bus starts.

12:30 p.m. We stop for lunch at a roadside rest spot. Sew, from a huge metal barrel, and cheese sandwiches. Richard, Young, Davis Pike (5 on the varsity) and I sit off to one side, watching. The little men eat up. I am very hungry. "Wait'll tonight after the weigh-in," says Richard, "and we'll show 'em what eating is." We laugh. Yann Weymouth, No. 2 in the jayvees, waves some cheese sandwiches at us. We throw pebbles at him. "New York really uses a lot of gravel," says one of our genius types. There is

a whole lot of crushed gravel spread around our picnic table.

"So what?" says Pike.

"I think it's kind of interesting that New York uses so much gravel," says the genius earnestly. "Massachusetts doesn't do it, and neither does Connecticut."

"Oh my God," Pike says. The genius walks off in a huff. Richard mimics him. I am very hungry.

1:10 p.m. Back on the road. We are way ahead of schedule. Someone miscalculated. Coolidge?

We turn off the turnpike at Syracuse. Grubby city. It's all backwoods from here on in. There are dirty patches of gray snow on the ground. The trees are still bare.

2:45 p.m. Ithaca. The bus driver has no idea of how to get to the boathouse. Neither does Coolidge. Freddie thinks we're in the wrong town. Finally we stop at the police station and get an escort. Our driver almost knocks down a light pole at the next corner.

The boathouse is behind a junkyard. It is clean, new, big. Lots of linoleum and glass and stainless steel. Much nicer than our boathouse.

"It doesn't smell like sweat," someone notes, sniffing happily.

"They have state money," someone else says.

We are staying at the boathouse. There is a room overlooking the water filled with double bunks. Surprisingly, they are long enough and have good mattresses. "Workout in 45 minutes," says Coolidge.

We cluster around the scales. If they are high it will be bad for us. Richard, stripped, climbs on. He groans. "Are they high?" "How much you gotta knock off?" They are O.K. Richard was faking. I am 56 plus. Lots of sweat clothes should do the trick.

3:30 p.m. I have on two pairs of sweat pants, two sweat shirts, a woolen shirt, a rubber poncho that I have borrowed from Ned. We will use a Cornell shell and are down in the boat bay looking at over. "It's a 54 shell," says Freddie, "and it may be a little heavier than the boat we've been using."

"I wish we had our own boat," laments Young.

I am No. 7, and I check my slide. It sticks a little, and it hasn't been cleaned yet, either. There is a lot of crud on the runners. The boat has just been refinished, though, and the skin has a high gloss. The inside is scarred and worn. A tub, I think. It is right side up, on horses, so I set to work cleaning my slide with a towel. I adjust my stretchers. I am already sweating, and the drops fall off my chin to run in

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streams down the rubber of the poncho. "O.K.," Freddie says. "Let's go."

"Hands on," Ned snaps. "Up on three. Ready all. One, two, three." The boat creaks as we lift it. "Roll toward me," Ned says. "That's it. Easy now. Everybody set? O.K. Out of the house. Move it slow. Watch the riggers." We walk the boat down to the dock. The water is gray and looks as if it has lots of sediment in it. "Over your heads, on three. Hupp, one, two, three. Out and away. Ease it in."

The boat goes over, out and into the water. We set the oars in the locks, are ready to push off when Rucker, the 2 man, says, "Wait a minute, my stretcher's broke." A fine time to discover a broken stretcher. It takes 20 minutes to fix it.

Finally we are on the water. The boathouse is on a long finger inlet, and if the water on Lake Cayuga is rough we will have to race on the inlet instead. It is an unpleasant course, narrow and with several turns. We are rowing by fours to warm up, but I am miserable already. I have not had so much as a drink of water since last night, and I feel light-headed and a little nauseated. It reminds me of the first time I got drunk.

We pull up to Coolidge's launch and the other two boats. Freddie is sitting in back, and Coolidge has the only megaphone. "All three bow-its," Coolidge says in his best Harvard accent, "ready fo-ah 20 at 28. Twenty strokes at 28." I roll down the slide to the ready position, arms out, hands relaxed, still. I keep my knees inside my arms on the first stroke. "Ready all," Coolidge says. "Ready to row, row?" Flip the oar, feel it catch, power on, drive with the legs, finish, now check on stroke for timing, start the slide, slow the recovery, slow, slow, slow over the toes, roll up again, and we're off.

A cold spray of water hits me in the back of the neck and the boat tips badly to port. We are rowing poorly. The water, even here in the inlet, is choppy. That, plus the problem of adjusting to

a new boat, has thrown our balance and timing off. Also, we are a very inexperienced bunch and therefore prone to make all kinds of mistakes. A freshman crew.

Stroke catches a slight reverse crab on the recovery, which throws the timing off again. Ned yells, "Set it up, set it up!" There is an edge on his voice, and I am annoyed, too. We finish the last stroke of the cadence, and Ned yells, "Way 'nuff, run it out." The boat falls off keel. "Balance!" We set it up again. "O.K. Let fall."

I am sweating profusely. The rubber poncho has a rancid smell. The sweat pants are clinging to my legs, and they chafe at my knees on every stroke. Coolidge swings the launch over to us. "All three bow-its, a 40-stroke cadence, base stroke 32." Not much time to let us settle in, I think. This is not going to be fun. "The first 20 at 32, up two each 10 theyah-afiah. Ready all fo-ah three to move. Ready, row!"

We are very sloppy. Oars slap the water, the boat joggles at the catch. How are you supposed to row on a roller coaster like this? The jayvees, who are rowing next to us, jump us a length on the first 20. Back home on the Charles in our own boat this wouldn't happen.

"Stroke going up," Ned yells. "Stroke up!" He bangs against the sides of the shell. Wilkins, the stroke, rushes down the slide too fast. We're only going to 34, not 40. I don't follow him exactly and try to compensate for his error. Catch, drive. We tilt down to starboard crazily at the finish. It happens very fast, but I have time to be scared, I snap the oar out, gun my hands away, but somebody behind gets stuck. There is a grabbing, sucking sound. The boat slows badly, skids sideways. Medium bad crab. It costs us another half length. "Come on, dammit," Ned yells. "Row!"

I find it hard to keep my head up because of the dizziness, and my arms are very tired. Finally we finish out the cadence.

You do 40-stroke cadences to smooth out the rowing at a racing beat, and then you go up two each 10 to practice finishes. On Friday, when you are light-headed from not eating, they can be difficult. The next one is a little better, and on the last we beat the varsity but lose

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to the jayvees. Bob Russell grins at me from the jayvee boat. I am not satisfied with the way things are going—one good cadence doesn't eradicate a bad practice—but I am too uncomfortable to care much. Let's get back so I can ditch this monkey suit. I am suffocating. Tomorrow is tomorrow and will take care of itself.

Hopefully.

Things are a bit tense as we weigh in. The Cornell manager checks on each man. Davis Pike just makes it. Richard is O.K., both the varsity and the jayvee averages are under the limit. Now we begin. Wilkins on first, "Forty-eight," says our manager. "Check," the Cornell manager says. Now my turn. Suck in the gut, for whatever good that will do. "Try 53," I say, "for laughs." Freddie is standing behind the scales, too. I hadn't seen him. "Fifty-three right on the button." "Check," Freddie smiles. I relax.

Everyone else makes it, too, so no sessions in the heat room. We shower quickly. Now for dinner.

We all eat incredible amounts. Lightweights on a Friday-night binge are awesome eaters. I am on a Jello kick. Like a woman who's going to have a baby, I've developed an irresistible taste for it. Six bowls. Three large glasses of orange juice, a quart of milk, a small glass of tomato juice, four pieces of apple pie, mashed potatoes, triple helping of meat, rolls, muffins. I'll have to gain 10 pounds to maintain my self-respect. Richard has twice as much as I do. Fills two trays. I am sitting with Young, Ned and Cass, the 6 man. We don't say anything, just eat. Coolidge comes by, makes some remark about pigs. We don't have the energy to laugh. Besides, it might be dangerous in our present condition. I'll never be able to eat this last piece of apple pie. As a matter of fact, I may be sick. I certainly will never move again. Young manages a weak smile.

Somehow we get back to the boathouse, struggle into our bunks. I have a bottom bunk, Young over me. The skin of my belly is sore from distension, but I won't be sick now. It's wonderful to

be full. I am very sleepy. Too tired to get up and get undressed. Weymouth is asleep on my right. Coolidge is telling stories about the last Olympics in a far corner. He was in charge of American boats in Rome, or something.

Laughter from another part of the room. Richard is organizing an expedition. He has found an ice-cream factory and is planning a raid. I don't believe my ears. Coolidge is very unhappy about it all. "If anybody gets sick and can't row—" he says. "No sweat, coach, no sweat," says Richard. "I know you have a cast-iron stomach, John, but those other guys may not be so tough." Five or six brave souls depart. "Get me some sherbet," someone yells as they leave. I go down to the bathroom, toothbrush in hand. I am asleep when the ice-cream men come back.

7:30 a.m., Saturday. It is Coolidge. "Everyone up!" What a sleep. We roll out of bed, and the rush for the bathroom is on.

Another big meal at breakfast. Milk for the last time today. It's supposed to curdle in your stomach if you drink it too close to a race.

When we get back to the boathouse I stretch out in the lounge. Thumb through some old magazines. Lirr, with Elizabeth Taylor receiving her Academy Award. Freddie comes through. I ask him if we are going to have a morning workout. "No," he says, "just rest."

I don't say so, but I think a workout would be a good thing. The more time we spend with the new shell the better. We never did get it running properly yesterday. Also it would give us something to do. I feel the old pre-race tension coming on. I have had it much worse. I used to get it Friday night at the latest. Sometimes I would walk around all day Friday with it building in me. The first varsity race I rowed in prep school I was sick on Thursday night. I vomited twice. I am a lot surer of myself now. The whole boat may fall apart, but I will be able to do my job. I used to be afraid that I'd catch a crab or forget the racing start or miss a lot of water all the way down the course. I don't get afraid anymore, but you never get over being tense.

The tension starts in your stomach, softly, a little different from fear, which gets you in the chest at the start. Then

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ITHACA ORDEAL *continued*

the tension works up to your chest, and by the time we put the boat in the water I know that it will seem hard to breathe. It is helpful to know what will happen. I'm ready for it, at least, I feel sorry for the people who have never been through this before. I am also a little bit wary of them.

Ned comes in, and we begin talking about our rowing at prep school. Our school is rowing Kent, its archrival in crew, today. We reminisce about our own Kent races. There were four of them, and we lost them all. We only lost five races in two years. The last time we lost to Kent, in the interscholastics, we had a much better crew. We lost by a deck length, and we were going by them one seat a stroke at the finish. "We just didn't have enough room," Ned says.

"Yeah," I say, "that's the trouble with a mile. Not enough room." In prep school everyone rows miles. Lights in college row Henleys, a mile and five-sixteenths.

Ned doesn't like mile races either. No time to get settled in. "It's all a big sprint. The crew with the most muscle wins," he says. "Look at Kent."

"Yeah, look at Kent. They're all football types. We always gave 'em 15 pounds a man."

"If we'd just had a Henley that last time..."

We have had this conversation many times before. I ask Ned if it gets tense for a cox.

"Sure does," he says.

We talk for a while about tension. In the course of the conversation the word gets fuzzy and doesn't have anything to do with what is going on inside of me.

Finally Coolidge comes in and it is time for lunch.

2 p.m. We will be on the water in half an hour. I am lying in my bunk. The tightness has crept into my chest, just as I knew it would. Young is restless above me. He leans down "Want some honey?" "O.K.," I say. I want to have something to do. I climb up onto the top bunk.

We drink the honey straight. From Young's bunk we can see the dock. The Pennsylvania crew is boating. The room comes to life, and people crowd around the windows to get a look at them. Their

freshman boat pushes off, rows by fours. Their timing is bad. No. 2 washes out. We weren't worried about them much anyway—Cornell is the real foe—but it is comforting to watch them bumble.

Young feigns apoplexy. He writhes on his bunk. Gauld, the starboard spare, hurries over. He thinks Young is faking, but he is worried. Young winks to me. He grimaces, gasps. Three or four people gather about. "I can't make it, Stu, kid," Young groans to Gauld, "my stomach is killing me. Must have been that honey. I'm dying." Young searches around in his game bag, pulls out his crimson racing shirt. He turns his face away, hands it to Gauld. "Stu, good luck. I know you can do the job." Gauld jumps. "I don't want it." We laugh.

Freddie comes in. Time to dress. I put my stuff on slowly. Make sure the strings on the rowing shorts are tied well, and tucked in. Once they got undone and fouled up in my slide during a practice race. That was in my junior year at school. It was quite a sensation, having my pants ripped off in the middle of a race.

Freddie was giving us a fight talk. Very low-keyed. "Remember," he goes on, "Ned is in command out there. Do what he says. If anybody catches a crab, get started again as soon as possible. If the boat comes to a full stop, take a short racing start; if not, try to pick up again at the racing beat right away." Then he explains the 30-second rule. If anything goes wrong in the first 30 seconds, they will start the race again. I know the rule. I don't listen. Someone asks a stupid question. Let's get going. I am impatient. "O.K.," says Freddie. "Let's go."

2:35 p.m. On the dock. Boat in water. Good crowd. All the Cornell oarsmen, both heavies and lights, are here. I hope we look good going away. When you look good going away it demoralizes the opposition. The tightness in my chest is bad, but no worse than usual. When we get on the water it will start to dissipate, and that is a comforting thought. Everyone else looks very serious, but suddenly I am beginning to enjoy the whole thing. The varsity and the jayvees troop down the dock, shaking hands

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ITHACA ORDEAL *continued*

with each of us. Bob Russell puts his arm around my shoulder. "Give it to 'em." "Will do. Good luck to you guys, too." Freddie is the last man down the line. "Stick with stroke no matter what happens," he says. "Good luck," he smiles. He is much more nervous than I am, I think. We shake hands.

"One foot in," yells Ned. Here we go. "Ready all, shove!" We push away from the dock.

It is warm, and the wind is not bad. They have decided to race on the lake course. We work up the inlet by fours, do cadences, and practice racing starts on the lake. There are a lot of big boats around, and there is a continuous roll from the crisscrossing of their wakes. The Coast Guard or someone is supposed to get them off the course by race time. I hope they hop on the stick, because this slop won't subside all at once.

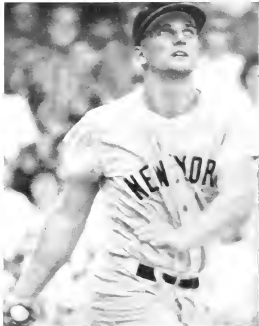
There is lots of power in the boat today. It jumps on the starts, but the balance is shaky and the timing is ragged every once in a while. We can see the Cornell crew taking their starts in the distance. Too far away to tell much. The officials' launch pulls up to us. "Come on up to the line," the starter says. He has an electric megaphone.

Cornell and Penn get to the start before we do. We have the left lane, nearest the shore, Penn the middle. I wish we were next to Cornell. Stroke puts his head down to his ear. I wonder if he is praying. I used to say The Lord's Prayer over five times before each start, but finally I decided that it didn't do any good. Stroke is still bent over. Ned takes off his megaphone, grins at me. I smile back, give him the high sign. Circled thumb and forefinger. Stroke sits up. Ned puts the megaphone back on. Ned shakes hands with the stroke, stroke turns to me. We pass it down the boat. "Come on up to the line, Harvard," the starter says.

Ned pulls us up by the stern four. I am calm. I take off my sweat shirt, stow it under the stretcher. "Are you headed correctly, coxswains?" the starter asks. "My hand is down," Ned tells us. That means we are headed. I fasten my eyes on stroke's right elbow. They will stay there all the way down the course. "Touch

continued

1. Roger Maris watches No. 61 sail over fence to exceed Ruth's record of 60 home runs in one season. (S1, October 9, 1961)
2. Mrs. Arnold Palmer watches during 1962 PGA as the superlative champion filters out of contention. (S1, July 30, 1962)
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ITHACA ORDEAL

it stern pair, Harvard," the starter says. We have drifted backward too far. We take a light stroke. Back to the ready position. "Back down lightly, stern pair, Penn." The two men in the stern of the Pennsylvania boat back water lightly. This could go on interminably. But it doesn't bother me. "One stroke, stern pair, Cornell. Back down another, Penn." Silence. "My hand is down," Ned says again. He speaks in a normal tone and we can hear him perfectly. Then the starter's voice snaps sharply across the water. "Ready all. Ready to row. Row!" A fast start.

I jam everything on full power, wrench the oar through. Snap my hands away. Plenty of time. My hands are faster than stroke's. Second stroke is a half stroke. Comes very fast. I get in with him. The balance is off to port a little. Not serious. Next two are three-quarter strokes. We are picking up speed. Ned begins to count. "One, two, three." On the 10th stroke we will settle to the racing 32. Thirty-three if we are high. The start feels high enough around 40. We are moving all right. "Eight, 9, 10. Stroke going down! Stroke going down!" Ned bangs the sides hard with his steering knickers. They are attached to the ends of the steering lines. "Ease those slides! Ease!" I follow the stroke down the side, slowing everything carefully. If the drop is done well we are off to a good start. I feel a slight check. Not too bad though.

Now we are in the part of the race I like best. I am fresh, the boat is moving well, and I can put out on each stroke without having it hurt. There is a lot of noise. The voices of the coxswains mungling and floating all around you. The hard snap at the end of each stroke. Steel on steel, as the pressure of the pull-through comes off the oar lock. The water noises, the occasional slipping of the oars and the regular splash noise of the catch and always, dumbly, the rushing of the water under the hull. The rasp of your own breath. If anything goes wrong the other sounds change. Your own breathing is the only constant. Later in the race my breath will burn in my chest, and my legs will go dead. My forearms will swell up to twice their normal size and my feathering wrist, the left, will

seize up. It won't feel normal again for a whole day. But I enjoy this early part of the race. I can think about each thing that I do, and pass judgment on it, while later I will be running mostly on instinct. Ease, roll, catch, drive, finish fast, hands away smoothly, ease. It is a sequence, a rhythm that I settle into comfortably. It is a good feeling to be able to do each part of it well.

Ned is yelling constantly. "Three-quarters of a length on Penn, couple of seats on Cornell. You're rowing well. Take it away. Take it away." Ned has a big voice. You sort of get lost in it and stop paying attention to the words. The tone tells you almost everything you need to know. The necessary pieces of information filter through in articulate form, but the rest is just a familiar background. "Three-quarters of a mile to go," he yells. "Two-thirds of a length on Cornell. Penn is out of it. Let's take it away." Cornell is hanging right in with us. In the periphery of my left eye I can see Penn several lengths behind us. I don't think about them. I keep my eye on stroke's right elbow. My legs are getting tired. "Cornell's sculling a power 10." Ned yells. "Let's hold 'em." I begin to use the reserves, put something extra into each leg drive. It isn't really painful yet. "O.K., O.K. You're holding 'em. Still two-thirds on 'em." Suddenly we run into a wash. The boat tilts wildly from side to side, stroke hits water on the recovery, fouls up his timing. A new note in Ned's voice. "A little slop. A little slop. Handle it now. Handle it. Get the balance back. Balance! Turnin' Get 'em in together." We are still in it. A gentle roll from the starboard side. It throws everything off, upsets the delicate blend of timing, balance, power that we must maintain to make the boat go.

Then we are out of it. We are down to port, but the water underneath is steady. On the next stroke the boat comes back on keel. "O.K.," says Ned. "Go! Go! Go! You have half a length on them. Half a length. Now let's take it away. Half a mile to go, half mile to go. We just passed the half-mile flag." Everything is going into every stroke now. My forearm and wrist are beginning to tight-

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en up. Breathing hurts, legs going soft. Careful not to heave on the oar. Keep it smooth. Keep the form. Boat won't move worth a damn without form. "Stroke going up," Ned shouts. We are into the final sprint. "Stroke up. Go! Go! Go! You have half a length still, half a length. Quarter mile to go. A quarter left." Everything is flowing now; power on continuously, head feels light, hot, molten. Legs liquid. Jelly. Catch, drive, down the slide, no pause or ease, catch, around and around.

"A half length," Ned yells. "You still have a half." This is going to be a squaker. I just want it to be finished. Then we hit more wash. Oh God. The boat pitches. My oar slams down on the water during a recovery. We are out of control. Ned is pleading. The stroke catches a monster crab. He is almost thrown out of the boat. He recovers momentarily, loses his head, rocks down the slide too fast, misses the water completely. I can hear the crowd noise. Soon it will drown everything. Ned is screaming now. Nothing he can do about it. Stroke comes back down the slide, no water in front of his oar, out of control. It is as if I am watching a movie in slow motion. I cut my own pull through short to keep from hitting him in the back. He goes forward again, misses the water completely again. I am helpless. Everything behind is disintegrating. Some people have stopped rowing, others beat at the water ineffectively. I can feel it happening. There is nothing I can do but sit and watch and wait until stroke gets hold of himself. Down the slide we go again, and this time he gets some water. It is not a good stroke, but at least it is something to follow. I drive with all my power. The water is heavy, dead. We have come to an almost complete stop. Pull, pull. "Come on, get it back together. Let's go! Let's go!" Ned is yelling. We are beaten though. I can tell it from his voice. "Get together and drive. Drive!" The boat is sloppy, wild even. Five more strokes and at last Ned yells, "Way 'nuff." I almost black out.

I sit looking into the bottom of the boat, which is the only thing to do now that I can breathe without shutting my eyes. Other people are already discussing the race. Cass, just behind me, swears furiously. Ned tells him to shut up. Stroke

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ITHACA ORDEAL

turns around. He is about to cry. I put my hand on his shoulder. Try to smile at him. I don't feel a bit benevolent. Ned sits looking into the bottom of the boat, too. Finally he looks up, shakes his head at me very slowly. I know how he feels. There wasn't a thing he could do.

The coaches' launch comes by. The officials avoid looking at us. Freddie says, "Nice race, Harvard." His face is suddenly very pale and tired. I am beginning to be disgusted.

Ned pulls us off the course. We wait for the jayvee race to come down. Everyone is analyzing our own race. There is nothing to say. We fell apart. Blew a sure thing. A bunch of rank amateurs. The people on shore look at us curiously.

The jayvees win handily, the varsity loses by three feet. A sad day for Harvard rowing. This is the first varsity race Coolidge has ever lost. He had two unbeaten seasons before. We row back up the course, down the inlet. At the boat-house we give our shirts to Cornell. The Cornell people are a little embarrassed about taking them.

After the Cornell people go our crew clusters around Freddie. They give him suggestions, make pronouncements, wait for him to say something. Most of them are afraid for their positions. Freddie keeps still, which is smart of him.

At dinner the conversation is quiet and correct, for a change. Very different from the unrestraints of last night. We board the bus and leave for Cambridge immediately after we are through eating. We are scheduled to arrive back at Harvard around 2 or 3 in the morning. Easter Sunday. I am sitting with Young again, and we begin to discuss the race. I have calmed down at least enough to talk it over. "It felt pretty good to me up until the end," I say. "Then it all went to pieces."

"I was in a dare all the way through it," Young says. "The whole thing felt awful. We just haven't had enough experience."

I agree. "The poor stroke though," I say. "This first race."

"Yes, we may have some changes."

"At stroke?" Young has been superb at second-guessing Freddie all season.

"No, I don't think he'll change

that. Freddie likes the boy too much."

"Right. And all he really needs is seasoning. You know what I mean?"

"Sure."

"Who's gonna go then?" I ask.

"Four maybe. Or two."

"How do you figure?"

We exhaust all the reasonable possibilities. We get lost in Syracuse but finally find our way onto the turnpike. For a while there is only the motor noise and the gentle sway of the bus. Then, slowly at first, someone else begins a chant. "Waa, waa, waa, waa, waa—ugh!" A voice, unmistakably Richard's, shouts, "Driver beware! The natives are restless tonight." Maybe it's only my imagination, but I think I feel the bus swerve. The chant changes to "Ice cream, ice cream, we want ice cream!" The whole bus takes it up. Finally Coolidge stands up, gestures for silence. The chant grows. "At the next Howard Johnson's," he yells, "we'll stop at the next Howard Johnson's." A roar of approval.

Ten minutes later we stop and invade a Ho Jo's. Richard has three hamburgers, two malts, an ice-cream soda. He orders two more malts to go. Everyone is joking and talking, and even Freddie is smiling. The waitress looks haggard.

Back on the bus we begin to sing songs. "One-eyed Riley, two-eyed Riley, / Oh, for the life of one-eyed Riley." Never have I heard such unharmonious singing. Finally John Young decides to go to sleep, and pulls a coat around his head. I move back with Bob Russell.

After an hour or two we are singing, and Russell and I begin to talk girls. The Cliffe he was going with all fall is engaged to someone else, or about to be. He isn't sure. Cabot leans over from across the aisle to join us. I tease him about his girl. She is an immature little blonde in some ultraproper prep school. The girl talk finally fades away, and Russell and I talk shop. Then he falls asleep. Only my right leg is asleep. The night is very black, and there are no towns along this part of the turnpike. Occasionally the lights of a farmhouse glimmer at us from far off the road. It is midnight. Three more hours to Cambridge at the least. A long ride home. **END**

YESTERDAY

Sunny Jim Sweeps the Bases

A remarkable record was set in the major leagues 39 years ago. It has never been surpassed

by HAROLD ROSENTHAL

In 1950 Bobby Richardson of the New York Yankees won himself a sports car and a pay raise with a record-breaking feat—12 runs batted in during the seven-game World Series with the Pirates. It was an extraordinary effort, but it hardly compared to the performance put on by another ballplayer in a single game on a midweek September afternoon in 1924. He batted in 12 runs that day, to set one of the most remarkable records in baseball—one that still stands today, 39 years later. His name was James Leroy Bottomley, but everyone called him Sunny Jim.

There never was any mistaking Sunny Jim when he swaggered jauntily onto the field at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis during the 1920s. The rangy Cardinal first baseman exuded good humor, from the way he walked to the way he wore his cap—at a rakish angle on his head, the bill cocked high over his left ear.

Sunny Jim, happy-go-lucky personality notwithstanding, was one of the most feared hitters in the majors during his 11 years with St. Louis (1922-1932). In nine of those seasons he batted over .300—once reaching .371, another time .367. In 1928 he tied for the home-run lead with 31 and won the Most Valuable Player award.

However, the RBI record Bottomley set on that September afternoon was scarcely noted by most of the country's newspapers at the time. The headline news the next day was the U.S.'s defeat of England in an international polo match on Long Island, with the Prince of Wales watching.

continued

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Sunny Jim

Wilbert (Uncle Robbie) Robinson was the manager of the Brooklyn team that day, and he was plenty concerned with what was happening. His club had won 15 straight games in a streak that had ended 10 days earlier. Brooklyn was only a game behind the league-leading New York Giants when Bottomley went wild in Ebbets Field on September 16. From a more personal viewpoint, Uncle Robbie was even more upset over the record Bottomley was to establish that afternoon. For Robinson, as a catcher with the old Baltimore Orioles, had set the old record of 11 RBIs in a single game 32 years earlier, and he was extremely proud of it.

Bottomley warmed up with a single in the first inning that drove in two runs and a double in the second, good for one RBI. In the fourth inning two men were on base when Rogers Hornsby came up to the plate. The Dodgers were behind by four runs, and Robinson didn't want the score to get any worse. He ordered Hornsby purposely walked to get at Bottomley. The strategy was fairly sound, for Hornsby was hitting .428 and Sunny Jim a mere .320. But Bottomley embarrassed Robinson by hitting the second pitch high over the right-field wall for a grand-slam home run.

When Sunny Jim came up again in the sixth inning there was only one man on base. He hit another homer, to bring his total RBIs for the day to nine. In the seventh, Bottomley got a single that scored two men and tied him with Robinson's RBI record. Another single in the ninth drove in his 12th run.

Sunny Jim had been up six times and had three singles, a double and two home runs off five different pitchers. The Cardinals, of course, won easily 17-3 and, despite all the scoring, the game was over in less than two hours. That included the time needed to revive the field announcer, who had collapsed on his megaphone while the Cardinals were scoring four runs in the first inning before a man was out.

Uncle Robbie never forgave Sunny Jim for his performance. The next afternoon Bottomley stopped by the Brooklyn dugout to borrow some chewing tobacco from Robinson. Uncle Robbie chased him away, shouting angrily after him, "You'll get no more chews from me. Do you know what you did to me yesterday? You chased me right out of the record book."

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER It is not easy to overlook a player who led the league in batting with a .348 average, hit four home runs in one game and won the MVP award, even if all this was accomplished in the Texas League. Still the Giants, who owned Charlie Dees, were unimpressed, and even the Los Angeles Angels, who bought him from the Giants, did so only on a conditional basis. As lumber as a shoelace in a hurricane, Dees exhibited a few Fred Astaire moves around first base in spring training and hit .371. Surely the Angels would not overlook him now, he said. They did. By clever shuffling of paper work and players, the Angels sent Dees to their Hawaii club. There he hit .358, and last week Charlie Dees got his chance to play for the Angels. His first two hits were doubles, one driving in a key run in a 6-4 win, the other scoring three men for a 4-2 victory. And against the league-leading Orioles he had six hits in a row, including a home run over the 390-foot marker, helping the Angels win two more.



CHARLIE DEES

THE TEAM Folks in Bloomington, Minn. could hardly expect any more from their hometown team. Oh, they were sad that the club was in last place, but then a small town (pop. 13,600) on the outskirts of Minneapolis and St. Paul could not hope for much more. Suddenly, however, the Bloomington Twins turned back into the Minnesota Twins. After taking five of six games last week, thereby extending their record to 13 in 15 tries, they climbed to fifth place. Dick Stigman pitched a two-hitter, Jim Roland a five-hitter. At the rate the pitching staff is completing games (eight of the past 12 and 22 of 45) the Twins would finish with 79, the highest total in either league since 1953. Opposing batsmen, who hit .198 last week, found it tough even to get a walk, and the Twin defense, with nine double plays, backed up the pitching well. Meanwhile, Minnesota batters went wild with four dozen hits and 34 bases on balls. There were nine homers, including three by Earl Battey, a grand slam by Vic Power and a game-winning, three-run drive by Bob Allison with two out in the bottom of the ninth. In the only game in which they failed to homer, the Twins hit six doubles—three by Zorro Versalles.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	OP	ERA	PITCHING WALKS	SD
MINNESOTA	5	1	32	12	9	3.47	19	41
CHICAGO	4	2	29	19	9	3.55	16	27
LOS ANGELES	4	2	29	17	7	3.33	31	33
NEW YORK	4	2	34	26	7	4.27	16	37
DETROIT	4	2	29	22	9	3.69	20	39
KANSAS CITY	3	3	31	26	5	4.79	29	32
BALTIMORE	3	4	31	35	8	4.13	27	33
BOSTON	2	4	26	38	3	6.12	16	30
WASHINGTON	2	4	22	42	8	5.05	29	33
CLEVELAND	1	6	16	28	5	4.57	28	25

THE SEASON*

	SD	ERA	WALKS PER 9 INS
NEW YORK	Richardson	4	2.55
BALTIMORE	Acosta	16	2.25
CHICAGO	Landis	6	2.50
KANSAS CITY	Green	7	3.00
MINNESOTA	Quisenberry	5	2.50
BOSTON	Yastrzemski	5	2.50
LOS ANGELES	Pearson	5	2.50
DETROIT	Wood	7	2.50
CLEVELAND	Francosa	5	2.50
WASHINGTON	Nease	7	2.50

THE PLAYER Howie Goss of the Houston Colt .45s has been one of the healthiest players in the National League this spring. Each morning he takes a large orange juice, two eggs and three spoons of honey, dumps them all in a blender, adds a dash of wheat germ and gulps the conglomeration for breakfast. "It goes down just like a milkshake," Goss says. Then he goes to the ball park and proceeds to strike out with his dinky little 31-ounce bat. Fit but fat, Goss finally called on the Cardinals' Dick Groat for counsel. Polonus could not have said it better, "You're hitting bad balls. Concentrate on hitting the ball through the middle." And because they were once teammates on the Pirates, Groat gave Goss a couple of his favorite bats—a big 36-ounce bludgeon—and told him to back up. Goss did just that. Against the Cardinals, Goss hit three home runs, a triple, a double and a single in 11 at bats, driving in nine of Houston's 14 runs. "I've got nothing more to say," said Groat.



HOWIE GOSS

THE TEAM The St. Louis Cardinals' Bob Humphreys brought his glove up in front of his face and, just before pitching to the Giants' José Pagan, read the legend written on his glove: YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. Humphreys, purchased from Atlanta three days before, struck out Pagan, and the Cards beat the Giants. "You can't make it," is what the Detroit Tigers told Humphreys just before selling him, and every time he sees it he burns. The experts told the entire Cardinal team exactly the same thing this spring, and they are burning, too—burning up the National League. The last time St. Louis won a pennant (1946) Catcher Tim McCarver was 4 years old, Ray Sadecki was 5 and Stan Musial, to be a grandfather this August, a mere lad of 25. But now the Cardinals just may win it again. Spectacular relief pitching (Ed Bauta, Bobby Shantz, Diomedes Olivo and Bob Gibson) and awesome hitting have put them hot on the heels of the Giants. For the week, Musial was .385, Bill White .481, Ken Boyer .400, Curt Flood .400 and McCarver .500. Even Gibson was hitting. "I'd wear a pair of eyes on the bat so I could see the ball better," he said, and it hit a two-run homer to help was a bull game.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	OP	ERA	PITCHING WALKS	SD
ST. LOUIS	6	1	47	39	6	3.63	18	39
CHICAGO	5	1	27	6	9	3.02	16	26
PITTSBURGH	4	2	30	19	7	3.77	15	36
PHILADELPHIA	4	2	26	27	4	4.09	25	47
CINCINNATI	3	4	30	33	7	4.26	20	31
MILWAUKEE	2	3	19	12	7	3.50	27	31
LOS ANGELES	2	3	22	21	5	3.31	17	29
SAN FRANCISCO	2	4	24	25	6	4.67	26	31
NEW YORK	2	5	12	38	4	6.29	29	37
HOUSTON	1	5	19	38	4	5.53	15	21

	SD	ERA	WALKS PER 9 INS
SAN FRANCISCO	Pagan	6	2.40
ST. LOUIS	Flood	6	2.40
LOS ANGELES	White	11	2.50
CHICAGO	Block	12	2.50
PITTSBURGH	2 wch	4	2.50
CINCINNATI	Roberson	12	2.50
PHILADELPHIA	Taylor	5	2.50
MILWAUKEE	McMurray	5	2.50
HOUSTON	Furvell	2	2.50
NEW YORK	Nease	2	2.50

*through Saturday, June 1

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ROAD TO THE TRACK

Sirs:

I thought that I was finally going to see a good article in your magazine about the great veterans of the "500," such as Rodger Ward, A. J. Foyt and Jim Rathmann, instead of the two-page biography of Dan Gurney (*The "500" Under Attack*, May 27). Although Gurney may be a fine driver, it was foolish to compare the talents of a road racer who had driven only 93 race laps at the Speedway to Ward, the all-time USAC point leader.

Instead of going to New York or California to get material for your magazine, why not go to Terre Haute, Ind., and watch a sprint-car race? Or watch Roger McCluskey or Jim Hurtubise brousside through a turn on a half-mile dirt track? After that, if you can still honestly call Dan Gurney a daring driver, I will take it all back.

MACK MITCHELL

Robinson, Ill.

SOUND KNOWLEDGE

Sirs:

My thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Tom Brody for your article on Columbia crew and me (*The Laughing Lion*, June 3). I hesitate to take issue with Cornell Coach Steve Sanford, but if I really have the "sound technical knowledge" he credits me with, I learned it all from him. However, the fact of the matter is that the secret of the Lion's new roar lies in the hands and backs, the minds and hearts of the fine, determined young men who make up the Columbia crews this year. It is their efforts, dedication and desire that have realized this goal of beginning another winning rowing tradition at Columbia.

CARL F. ULLRICH

New York City

CHALLENGE ROUND

Sirs:

If ever I saw a distorted picture in print, the letter of one Harry L. Guss (19th Hole, May 27) is it. To imply that our loss of the Davis Cup in 1955 was even remotely due to any dereliction on the part of Captain Bill Talbert is fantastic. Your own magazine carried a color picture of the shoulder injury incurred by Tony Trabert that year. It was diagnosed by the medicos as a muscle tear, which he sustained at Southampton against Eddie Moylan. You highlighted his enforced absence from all play for weeks prior to the Challenge Round. Trabert understandably played very poorly against Hood and not much better in the doubles, and was benched on the third day's

singles, being replaced by Ham Richardson.

As for Vic Seixas, Rosewall was always his nemesis. Ken beat Vic in 1952 at Forest Hills when in his teens, though Mulloy beat Ken next day. Vic lost to Ken in every meeting except the 1954 Challenge Round, and it was Captain Talbert's superb strategy that alone made that possible. Vic won Wimbledon in 1953 because Nielsen beat Rosewall, and Vic won Forest Hills in 1954 because Hartzog beat Rosewall.

JEROME SCHULER

Brookline, Mass.

LOVE CALL FOR CURLY

Sirs:

Just recently I ran across an old *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* series on how to train your retriever (SI, July 13, 1959), and it is on that basis that I am taking the liberty of writing to you with what may seem a strange request. If when you look at the enclosed photograph of my retriever, Chilliwick, you ask, "What is it?" it may be that you have never seen a curly-coated retriever (below right). Up until a year ago, neither had I. Like most hunting dogs, this is a made breed that undoubtedly claims the German poodle, the Irish water spaniel, the Gordon setter, the Newfoundland and the English water spaniel as ancestors. I got Chilliwick in Canada from the owners of the only registered pair of curly-coats in that country.

And this brings me to my request. Chilliwick will be a year old tomorrow and eligible to be a sire, according to AKC and CKC rules, but, outside of his three sisters, I can find no mate for him. I want to raise some of these magnificent dogs, but I badly need a female. Maybe some of your readers would know where Chilliwick and I can find one?

DAVE GRUBE

Delaware, Ohio

THE IRREGULARS

Sirs:

If anything, William S. Baring-Gould has been too modest in his boasts of Sherlock Holmes' athletic prowess (*Sherlock Holmes, Sportsman*, May 27). As a cyclist, I doubt that Holmes could have been beaten by any harness racer. And who among our modern campers could have rested so effortlessly on Devon moor? What precision and strength must be needed for any man to fracture a bust of Napoleon with his hunting crop to reveal so dramatically "the black pearl of the Borgias." Mr. Baring-Gould has demonstrated remarkable restraint.

Even more engaging than the words of the article, however, are the etchings that accompany it. I cannot believe that Artist

Thomas B. Allen and his technical assistant Chaim Koppelman are only bystanders but feel that they, too, must be Baker Street Irregulars. If they are not members I think they deserve honorary membership. Certainly their representation of the phantom Hound of the Baskervilles could never be equaled.

LEE WEATHERHILL, M.D.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sirs:

As a footnote to Mr. William S. Baring-Gould's scholarly essay on Sherlock Holmes as athlete and sportsman, may I offer an explanation of Holmes' baffling reference to "bairns, or the Japanese system of wrestling," which enabled him to hurt Professor Moriarty to his death in the Reichenbach Falls. In point of fact, the word *bairns* does not exist in the Japanese language; its misuse in the Holmes story is simply another of Dr. Watson's numerous errors as reporter. I quote from a paper prepared by the late Count Makino, elder Japanese statesman, and read at the initial meeting in Tokyo in 1948 of the *Bairns* Chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars, of which Count Makino was a founding member.

"The confusion with *jyutsu* is of course obvious," said the Japanese scholar. "The word should have been *bajitsu*. What Holmes actually said was, 'I have some knowledge of *bajitsu*, which includes the Japanese system of wrestling,' or perhaps, 'I have some knowledge of *bajutsu*, including especially the Japanese system of wrestling.' *Bajutsu* is the generic Japanese word for the martial arts, which in addition to

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10TH HOLE continued

jutsu, embrace the study of archery, fencing, spearthrowing, pike-throwing, long and short swordsmanship, military fortifications and the firing of cannon, muskets and small arms.

"Sherlock Holmes's proficiency in all these highly specialized arts is well known. We know his weakness for pockmarking the walls of his apartment with pictorial initials; his knowledge of air-guns was at least equal to that of Colonel Sebastian Moran; we have a glimpse of his acquaintance with pike and spear in *The Adventure of Black Peter*, in which he attempts to harpoon the dead pig in Allanby's butcher-shop. We know also that he was 'a bit of a single-stick expert,' while some of his early adventures among the medieval moats, turrets and drawbridges of the English aristocracy would naturally have attracted him to a study of military fortifications.

"Only in Japan," concluded Count Makino, "do we find one comprehensive system of sport, art and science which includes all these studies. Only in Sherlock Holmes do we find a Westerner who combines a notable skill in all of them. For us Japanese there is intense satisfaction in the foundation of this first Tokyo Chapter of the Baker Street Irregulars, under a name perpetuating that complex and subtle Japanese art of self-defense which saved the hero of the West and of the East for further unforgettable adventures!"

The minutes of the Baritsu Chapter's initial meeting record that the reading of the count's eloquent paper was followed by "prolonged applause, cries of 'Banzaï!' 'Bravo!' and 'Oooh another case of sake!'"

RICHARD HUGHES
Chief Banto, Baritsu Chapter
of Baker Street Irregulars

Hong Kong

CRISIS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your article, *The True Crisis* (May 20), says Paul Hornung's mistake was not a criminal act, it was an irresponsible one. "Naively, perhaps unwittingly..." etc.

In my opinion, irresponsibility is the crime. It is nice and easy to blame others, but it does not absolve a man of guilt.

JAMES CATHEY

Colton, Calif.

Sirs:

Let's not leave the press entirely out of this. How do Saturday's heroes become heroes? How do they begin believing they are suddenly in a position to make a little side money? When do the promoters realize a man is a big draw at the gate? This all must come about through the press, radio and TV. Let's all do a little soul-searching.

JAMES CORLENTZ

Tacoma, Wash.

Sirs:

I read with great interest your short article on Ernie Davis (*A Man of Courage*, May 27), and this brought out some thoughts on the moral crisis in sport that I would like to express. It is time that all of us in athletics take the offensive position instead of always being on the defensive. When sport has produced such people as Ernie Davis, Donk Walker, Kyle Rote and many, many others of years gone by, I do not believe that we have to take a backseat while the other professions toot their horns.

I agree that there are aspects in athletics that are not good and need to be cleaned up, but the good far overshadows the bad. It is time we took pride and courage in our convictions.

MEL ROSS

Concord, Calif.

AVERTED EYES

Sirs:

That was certainly an interesting article you fellows had on spitball pitchers (*The Spitter Is Back*, June 3). I myself am bedridden, so I can't get out to the ball park to examine the situation with the naked eye. I do notice, however, that when Whitey Ford is pitching the television cameras always cut him off at the shoulders, and they never show a closeup of him while he is getting ready to deliver the ball. I don't know about these things, but could it be that the Yankees have control of the broadcasts and don't want us to see what Whitey is doing to the ball? It's the only conclusion I can come to, because they always show closeups of their opponents' pitchers.

FISHER WALD

New York City

PAT AND JACK

Sirs:

Subscribing in Norway and presently living in France it takes me awhile to get your magazine. But although a little late I would like to add a few comments to your article on Pat (and Jack) Duane in the April 22 issue (*The Flying Lady of the Flying Dutchman*).

In the World Flying Dutchman Week Regatta in St. Petersburg, Fla. in March 1962, Ben Verhagen of Holland was the winner until his spinnaker was measured after the last race. It proved to be a little too big, and Verhagen was disqualified. Pat and Jack, who thought they had finished second, were told they were the winners after all. I am sure that both Pat and Jack thought Ben Verhagen was the best in the regatta, and they felt so sad about what happened that they were very reluctant to receive the first prize and, had it been up to them, the ruling would have been reversed. To us who were there this was just another proof of the Duane's great sportsmanship.

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